THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE SAXON PARLIAMENT.

Balfour's County Government (Ireland) Bill Laughed at by the Irish Members and the Opposition.

Lively Debate in the English House of Commons Over the Absurd Measure.

LONDON, Feb. 18.—The Conservatives express themselves as well satisfied with the government's Irish local government bill, as explained in the house of commons to day by the Rt. Hon. Mr. Balfour, the first lord of the treasury. There is not, however, any indication of enthusiasm over the measure even among its friends. This is attributable, the Conservatives say, to the certainty that a general election must intervene before the measure has any chance of being put into operation. No matter how well conceived the bill may be, it erefore, it can hardly be converted into an effective campaign measure, and there is no occasion for any excitement over it.

Mr. Balfour was unusually perfunctory in his manner while outlining the features of the bill, and the persistent jeers and laughter of the opposition had no more effect upon him than if he had not heard them. The Liberals are eagerly discussing the measure to night, and claim that it is one full of weaknesses which will afford opportunities for many effective blows at the government during debate. They interpret Mr. Balfour's pathetic manner in expounding the bill to the fact that he had no heart for the work he was engaged in. As bearing on this assertion a theory is current in opposition circles that Balfour objected to several of the so-called safeguards contained in the measure, but was overruled by his colleagues in the cabinet, and that he does not relish the role of appearing to father a measure which does not embody his views. The Liberals declare that the government missed its greatest chance by not bringing forward a thorough scheme of self-government for Ireland, in which case the opposition would have been put to their wits' ends to devise any measure to take the wind out of the government's sails. As criticised from a Liberal standpoint, the bill is too full of the viceroy. This official looms up at every turn and is virtually made a constable in charge.

Interviews with prominent Gladstonians reveal the fact that the bill adds, if possible, to their impression that an almost immediate dissolution of parliament is inevitable. This belief is fortified by an analysis of the budget, which is based on a shrinking revenue and an increased expenditure. So delighted are the Liberals with the political situation, according to the declarations of some of their number, that their only fear now is that the government will take advantage of criticism of the local government bill as an excuse to shelve the bill in favor of other measures.

The house was crowded throughout Mr. Balfour's speech. The duke of Devonshire (marquis of Hartington), was conspicuous in the peers' gallery, revisiting the scenes of his former prominence. Of the scores of people there he was about the only one known to fame for anything but money and title. In diplomatic gallery Mr. Henry White secretary of the American legation, and the Chilean minister, M. Antunez, were observed chatting amicably, as befitted the representatives of governments which are friendly with one another.

AN EXCITING LITTLE INCIDENT.

An exciting incident occurred during the debate when Justin McCarthy and John Redmond arose together to address the house. The speaker called upon Redmond, but Tim Healy shouted "Mc Carthy, McCarthy." His followers joined in the cry and the Parnellites cheered Redmond, who out of courtesy to his elder opponent sat down. The speaker, rising amid some excitement, called the members to order and intimated that he had nominated Redmond to continue the debate. This decision of the speaker seemed to inflame Healy, who cried aloud to his followers, "Let us leave the house in a body." There was some likelihood of this being done for the moment, but Mr. Sexton induced the McCarthyites to forego this step.

WOMEN AND PEERS MAY VOTE.

Mr. Balfour in introducing the Local Government bill said that there undoubtedly existed a large body of people in Ireland who dreaded a measure of this kind. It was only due to those persons to examine the fear they entertained. They feared the new system would result in extravagance, possibly corruption. They were afraid they would be plundered and oppressed by the new bodies. Mr. Balfour did not think there was any weight to these arguments which would not stand the brunt of hostile criticism. In the first county councils, he said, there would be four ex-officio members—the lord lieutenant of the county, the sheriff, a nominee of the grand jury and a nominee of the presentment sessions. The qualifications of voters for country councilmen and baronial councilmen would be identical; the persons entitled to vote for both sets of officers would be the same as having the right to vote for members of parliament except that the former would include also women and peers. [Laughter.] Illiterate persons and persons who did not pay county taxes would have no vote.

DUTIES OF THE COUNTY COUNCILS

Mr. Balfour said that the county councils would have to combine the duties of county and presentment councils and of grand juries regarding administrative affairs. They will also be empowered, if necessary, to take over the duties of rural sanitary authorities. The councils will appoint the county coroners. They will be empowered to acquire woods and plantations and thus assist the operation of the Land Purchase act. Thirteen existing municipal boroughs will be made separate counties, having all the powers of counties. The council where a county is too large will be divided to correspond with divisions of the county, each division electing fifteen members. The system of franchise suggested, said Mr. Balfour, would give the minority a vote in the county councils. The councils might use their power to oppress a small minority and might be guilty of willful and persistent corruption. [Irish jeers.] The history of Ireland proved that these remote dangers had a reality. Such dangers did not exist in England. Provision was made to allow twenty cess payers to apply to a judge of assizes for leave to pay for the removal of the councilors of a barony or county [ironical opposition cheers] on the ground that the councilors were guilty of persistent disobedience of the law, of corruption, or of oppression. The matter would be tried like an election petition, and if the charge were established the guilty councilors would be replaced by nominees of the lord lieutenant [ironical cheers]; if malversation and oppression were possible it was the duty of the house to provide an adequate remedy. Such dangers existed in Ireland to an extent unknown in England and Scotland. In order to prevent extravagance on the part of the councils the bill would provide that land owners should have a deciding voice in permitting capital expenditures as distinct from the current expenditures. It was proposed that a committee be appointed, which would consist of seven members nominated by the council and seven nominated by the grand jury and sheriff of the county. He could not conceive of any danger of the councils becoming centers of political agitation to further the views of any particular party.

In reply to a question asked by Mr. Healy, Mr. Balfour said that the bill would not affect the police system of Ireland, and that the incidence of taxation would remain as it was at present. He did not regard this of equal importance with the Land act and other important measures, but he thought that it would in the long run knit closer together all classes of the country. Mr. Balfour spoke for one hour and forty minutes. He said in conclusion that he did not pretend that the bill would regenerate Ireland, but he sincerely thought that the Irish ratepayer had a right to claim the same measure as was granted to the ratepayer in England and Scotland. He therefore recommended the bill to the favorable attention of the house.

HOT SHOT FROM IRISHMEN AND LIBERALS

John Morley characterized the bill as "the rottenest reed the Irish minority ever leaned on for the retention of privileges." He declared that the measure was framed in absolute distrust of the rich people, in fact on the assumption that they were "debased helots."

The whole opposition broke forth into cheers when Mr. Morley called on the government to go before the people on the measure. In concluding he affirmed that the bill was a mockery offered to the house, that it was a falsification of the pledges of the government, and that it furnished grounds for the manifestation of further irritation in Ireland.

John Redmond protested against the measure as a "sham bill." He said he and his colleagues came unprepared to accept it even if it had been a good bill, but the bill was one which every Irishman would strenuously resist. The manner in which it was proposed was an insult to the Irish. As for himself he could not conceive how any government could be so full of imbecility as to go before the country on such a bill, and he would do his uttermost to oppose its every stage.

Justin McCarthy in the course of his remarks advised the government to burn the bill, declaring that the Nationalists would reject it "as an unclean thing."

Mr. Healy said he never knew of a more contemptible bill. It was an absolute failure, he said, and died in the mouth of its proposer.

HARCOURT CALLED IT INSULTING TO THE IRISH.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt said that a bill more insulting to the Irish he could not conceive of. It bore the stamp of Mr. Chamberlain, who was the author of the bill. Sir William ridiculed the idea of a county council of tried judges.

Mr. Balfour denied that the bill was insulting to Ireland. The opposition speeches, he said, showed the insincerity of the cry of local government for Ireland. If owing to obstruction the present bill should not be passed, local government for Ireland would be indefinitely postponed. The only reason why the Irish parties should obstruct the bill was that it contained machinery to stop corruption and oppression. The only inference was that they desired to make something out of the councils.

At this the whole opposition joined in crying, "Shame! Shame!" while the Conservatives cheered.

Mr. Labouchere said that Mr. Balfour was "between the devil and the deep, deep sea." He had to introduce the bill to satisfy his master, Chamberlain, and had to persuade the Conservatives that the bill was a sham and that it would be a waste of time to discuss such a measure.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain denied that he had assisted in the work of framing the bill. He said that he approved of the manner in which the government had redeemed its pledges. The safeguards introduced in the bill in regard to corruption were those that Americans, the most democratic people in the world, had introduced into their Constitution. There was not one of the American states or legislatures but could be brought before the Supreme court. He considered it not wrong to any class of persons in Ireland if a council continuing in contempt of court be at length suppressed.

Mr. James Bryce, of the south division of Aberdeen, a Liberal in favor of home rule for Ireland, denied that there was any comparison between the proposed councils in Ireland and the relation in which the American state legislatures stood to the Supreme court, which had only power to nullify an act passed by a legislature in excess of its powers.

T. D. Sullivan said he recognized in the insulting safeguards of the bill the hand of Lord Salisbury, who had daubed Irishmen as "Hottentots and lepers."

Mr. Sexton said that never in his parliamentary experience had he seen so incompetent a bill. The trial clause would enable twenty ill-conditioned men, perhaps a gang of evicting landlords, to conspire to place a county's representatives before the judges. He protested against the eternal suspicion which the government bestowed on Ireland.

William Redmond said he regarded the bill as the deathbed repentance, because the government did not dare appeal to the country on its coercive policy alone. Yet it was the most decided insult that Mr. Balfour had ever leveled at the Irish people.

The bill passed the first reading, and Mr. Balfour fixed the second reading for March. 3.

WHAT IS GLADSTONE'S IRISH POLICY?

The *Chronicle* in an article commenting on Mr. Balfour's speech at the Constitutional club's banquet last night appeals to Mr. Gladstone to give a decisive utterance as to whether he intends to retain Irish representation at Westminster, as a part of his Irish policy. If he does retain this portion of his Irish programme, in the opinion of the *Chronicle*, although it may result in a temporary revolt on the part of the Irish members of parliament, it will practically unite his party and take the sting out of the attack of the Unionists.

CATHEDRAL PARISH ENTERTAINMENT.

The sixth lecture entertainment and reception of the Catholic Young Men's Association of the Holy Name Cathedral was given at the North Side Turner Hall last Wednesday evening. In spite of a perfect downpour of rain, which lasted all day and evening, the spacious hall was densely filled with the ladies and gentlemen of the parish, and their friends from other sections of the city. The programme was lengthy and interesting, although, owing to the illness of one or two of the artists announced, some numbers had to be substituted. McGee's orchestra played the overture. The violin solo of Miss Celia B. Smith, accompanied on the piano by her sister, Miss Bertha M. Smith, was heartily applauded, as was also the character dancing of Miss Nellie McKeown. A cornet solo, by a distinguished musician whose name did not appear on the programme was a leading feature of the entertainment. The club swinging of William Goekel was a masterly exhibition of athletic skill. Vocal solos were most acceptably rendered by Mrs. Dr. Hemmi and Mr. Langlois, of the Cathedral quartette. John F. Finerty delivered an address, which occupied half an hour, on the long and honorable connection of Catholics with the history of the continent and the republic of the United States. A very pretty and well rendered comedy, in which Mrs. R. Ray Morer, Joseph P. Ratty, James Heffern, A. L. Moyer, and Misses Anna E. Murphy, Alice Bradley and Annie E. O'Malley bore parts closed the entertainment. All the receptions given be the Young Men's Association have been eminently successful, and have been under the direction of the clergy of the parish. The Rev. Father Perry conducted the exercises of Wednesday evening, and among the other priests present were the Rev. Fathers Muldoon, chancellor; Dore and Scanlan. The speakers at the six entertainments have been the Rev. P. J. Agnew, Hon. William J. Onahan, Rev. D. P. O'Brien, Rev. W. J. McNamee. Rev. M. J. Dorney and John F. Finerty.

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Taken for a Crank.

A semi-fiendish delight often seems to possess people of strong nerves in sneering at those with weak ones. The irritability of the nervous hypochondriac is ridiculed as natural ill temper. The very genuine and distressing symptoms from which he suffers are made light of. "He" or "she is a crank!" is the cheerful sort of sympathy with which the nervous invalid meets from the unfeeling and the thoughtless. At the same time no complaint is more defined and real, none has a more easily explainable origin when it is chronic. Imperfect digestion and assimilation are always accompanied by nervous debility and anxiety. Build up the powers of assimilation and digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and nervous symptoms, sick headaches and a generally feeble condition of the system are remedied. Remember that fearful ravages are produced by la grippe among weakly, nervous people. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures it, and prevents malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

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"THE BRASS BAND."

Some Useful Irish History in Which John Sadlier, the Suicide Banker, and "So Help Me God" Keogh, the Suicide Judge, are Correctly Pictured.

How Ireland's Cause Was Sold for Place and Pelf by Parliamentary Swindlers and Perjurers in 1852.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

No wonder the assemblage that had listened as if spell bound while he spoke, sprang to their feet, and with vociferous cheering atoned for the previous doubts of the man whose oath had now sealed his public principles. Alas! barely nine months later on he went over bodily to the minister of the day, and took office under an administration which neither repealed the Titles Act, abolished the Established Church, nor settled the Land question!

John Sadleir had marked well the power wielded against him by Duffy, Gray and Lucas in the metropolitan press. The opposition of the *Nation*, the *Freeman* and the *Tablet* alone seemed to stand between him and the complete command of Irish popular politics. The Catholic bishops, almost to a man, and the great majority of the priests, believed confidently in him and Mr. Keogh, and regarded the suggested suspicions or open imputations of the *Nation* and *Tablet* as the mischievous hostility of extreme and violent politicians. Still it was highly dangerous for him to go forward with these three fortresses unreduced on his flank. He determined to silence them effectually,—to destroy them. By this time he had become almost a millionaire. Fifty thousand pounds flung boldly into the establishment of opposition journals would soon dispose of the *Nation*, *Tablet* and *Freeman*. Ere long Dublin rang with the news that a gigantic newspaper scheme was being launched, "regardless of expense," by Mr. Sadleir. The leader of the Irish Brigade, the Defender of the Church, the man of success, had now decided to break ground in a new direction, and establish a real, genuine, orthodox Catholic press for the million. Commodious premises were taken; powerful machinery and extensive plant were purchased; and an editor, who was given out to be a sort of lay pontiff, Mr. William Bernard McCabe, was brought over from London. The new weekly, called the *Weekly Telegraph*, was first to clear the ground of the *Nation* and *Tablet*, before the new daily tackled the *Freeman*. Perhaps ere that time Dr. Gray, intimidated by the beggary brought on Duffy and Lucas, would knock under to the great power of Sadleirism. If not, he too could be mopped out.

Never was there a more daring and comprehensive design to bring the whole popular opinion and political influence of a country into the grasp of one bold and ambitious man.

The *Telegraph* was issued at half the price of the existing weeklies—threepence; and, as money was literally lavished on its production and dissemination, it went broadcast through the land. It pandered to the fiercest bigotry. Its "Catholicity" was of that bellicose and extravagant character which was deemed best calculated at a time of such widespread religious animosities to delight and excite the masses. It swept the island. It penetrated into hamlets and homes where the *Nation* or the *Tablet* had never been seen. The editor, a gentleman of great ability, contrived to make his readers believe that the Pope and John Sadleir were, one the infallible head, the other its invincible defender. But those bad Catholics, Duffy and Lucas, were thwarting the noble efforts of Mr. Sadleir and his devoted colleagues to serve the church; as for Gray, of the *Freeman*, he was a heretic, and nothing but evil could emanate from him. The newspaper move of the banker-politician, however, was a little over reaching. It set a great many persons a thinking, and alarmed not a few. As for the *Nation* and *Tablet*, they bore the shock of attack bravely in spirit, but neither proprietor had a bank at his back, and both journals were almost fatally crippled in the unequal struggle.

In the spring of 1852—on April 2—the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, for a short time previously Archbishop of Armagh, was, by the all but unanimous vote of the clergy, nominated for the archbishopric of Dublin. The nomination was cordially approved at Rome, and there entered on his new sphere of duties a man who has ever since played an important part in Irish affairs. He had spent the greater parf of his clerical life in Italy, and for many years had been Rector of the Irish College in Rome. He early gained the special confidence and favor of Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda, and was very warmly esteemed by Pio Nono himself. His manhood was largely passed, his principles were formed, in an atmosphere quite unlike that of Ireland. In Italy popular politics and national aspirations were made synonymous with principles and designs very naturally abhorrent to him. All the bent of his mind was with authority, and against resistance to the constituted powers. He had seen the evil work which revolutionism had wrought elsewhere, and there was but the one safe road, he thought, for him to take—namely, to beware of all who inclined to tumult, violence, or sedition, and to side with those who put the interests of the Catholic religion before and beyond every other. There never entered upon the duties of such an important position as his a man more single minded, more devoid of personal ambition or thought of self, more wholly wrapped in the one great purpose of advancing the interests of the church. He was a stern disciplinarian, and it soon became evident that he had been chosen at Rome for a great and far reaching purpose of disciplinary transformation in Irish Catholic affairs. Self denying himself, he expected self-denial from all who served the alter; obedient, full of reverence for authority, he considered obedience the first duty of a cleric. He might have been one of the early Fathers, transferred from the fifth to the nineteenth century. His cold exterior, his passionless manner, his severe ideas of authority and discipline, did not fit well the Irish character, customs and habits. He was more Roman than Irish, and his design of bringing the Irish church into stricter conformity to the Roman model necessarily invaded many old feelings and incurred for him not a few conflicts among the Irish clergy. "A gloomy fanatic," "a narrow minded churchman," the ultra Protestant journals early declared him to be; and even his own people, owing to the stern gravity of his manner and the austerity of his piety, regarded him more with respectful awe than warm affection. Yet in all this only one side of his character was read, and justice was not done his inner nature, which was kindly, and often generous. He could unbend betimes, and few could exhibit a readier appreciation for genuine wit or humor. Yet a certain air of reserve and monasticism always surrounded him; and one could see that he looked out on all the world from the standpoint of a churchman.

Dr. Cullen almost inevitably gravitated toward the Sadleir party as the special champions of the church, and away from those who looked to such a dangerous paper as the *Nation* for guidance. He knew what "Young Italy" meant; and "Young Ireland" he believed to be an imitation of the Italian party. Nor was he without grounds for such an impression. The writers in the *Nation* at one time warmly wrote up Mazzini and his co laborers of the Carbonari—a position, however, soon after publicly and emphatically abandoned by Mr. Duffy and repudiated by his successors. Still, it was not difficult for Mr. Sadleir's ecclesiastical friends to persuade the new archbishop that the men who preferred a Tenant League to a Catholic Defense Association, and who advocated a union of Protestants and Catholics in public affairs, were the heterodox party; while Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh were the friends of order and the defenders of religion. In the events which were now at hand, this attitude of the Catholic archbishop of Dublin was of decisive importance.

Parliament was dissolved on July 1, and the efforts of the past six months culminated on the hustings. There were four parties engaged in the combat; the Tories—who fought "solid," as they always do; the Whigs; the Tenant Leaguers; and the Catholic Defenders. In several places the latter two came into open conflict; and generally it was evident that the Whigs, the Catholic Defense people, and the Brigade men were one and the same party. Nevertheless, when the lists were closed, it was found that the Leaguers had virtually carried the island. No Catholic Defense Whig was able to secure his return without taking the Tenant-Right pledge; while in nearly every place the League candidates triumphed. Their only important defeat was in Monaghan, where Dr. Gray was narrowly beaten. Frederick Lucas was returned for Meath, Gavan Duffy for New Ross, John Francis Maguire for Dungarvan, and, above all in importance, George Henry Moore, a member of the dissolved parliament, already marked out as a master of men in the popular ranks, was again elected for Mayo. On the other hand, Mr. Sadleir and his three cousins, Frank and Vincent Scully and Robert Keatinge, were re-elected; so was Mr. Keogh; and Mr. Sadleir's brother James came in for Tipperary; all finding it requisite to hoist the Tenant-Right colors beside the misused papal banner which they waved in the people's eyes. It was in the course of this campaign that Mr. Keogh, addressing a mob in Westmeath, in the interest of his friend Capt. Magan, delivered a speech containing at least one suggestion which listening Ribbonmen were not likely to forget. "Boys," said he, "the days are now long and the nights are short. In winter the days will be short and the nights will be long; and then let every one remember who voted for Sir Richard Levinge."

But, though Mr. Keogh was the man who figured most before the public, the unseen Von Moltke of the whole scheme was John Sadleir. Already he saw victory at hand. The result of the general elections gave a narrow majority to the Liberal party. The Tories could not hold office. The Russell Whigs, without the Irish vote, were equally powerless. A coalition ministry—embracing the Peelite Conservatives and anti-Ecclesiastical Titles Bill Liberals—was the only possible administration. Already in imagination the banker-politician grasped a coronet as the price of the Irish Brigade!

In Ireland the joy of the people over the return of so large an array of Tenant-Right members was unbounded. It was for Gavan Duffy, especially, a short lived triumph over his assailants of the revolutionary school. A faithful and independent band of representatives, he declared, would be worth more to Ireland in her existing condition than armies in the tented field. It did seem as if the Irish people had settled down at last to the design of fighting out their political issues with the weapons of the franchise and the forces of public opinion.

On Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1852, a general conference of Irish members of parliament favorable to tenant-right, convened by the League, was held in Dublin. Every Liberal member sitting for an Irish seat, with one or two exceptions, was present; forty in all. The following resolution as the basis of their future parliamentary policy and action was adopted with but one dissentient voice:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this conference it is essential to the proper management of this cause that the members of parliament who have been returned on tenant right principles should hold themselves perfectly independent of, and in opposition to, all governments which do not make it part of their policy, and a Cabinet question, to give to the tenantry of Ireland a measure embodying the principles of Mr. Sharman Crawford's bill."

On Nov. 4 1852, the new parliament opened. At 4 a. m., Friday, Dec. 17, the Derby government was defeated in the Commons by a majority of 19. On the 20 h ministers resigned, and Lord Aberdeen was called upon to form a Cabinet.

A shout went up from Ireland. A thrill of the wildest excitement shook the island from the centre to the sea. Now joy and triumph, now torturing doubt, now the very agony of suspense, prevailed. What would the Irish party do? Here was the crisis which was to shame their oaths or prove them true. No Liberal or composite administration was possible without them, and their demand was one no minister had ever denied to be just. What would the Irish members do? The fate of the new ministry, the fate of Ireland, was in their hands.

As terrible deeds are said to be sometimes preceded by a mysterious apprehension, so in the last week of that old year a vague gloom chilled every heart. The news from London was panted for, hour by hour. At length the blow fell. Tidings of treason and disaster came. The Brigade was sold to Lord Aberdeen! John Sadleir was Lord of the Treasury! William Keogh was Irish Solicitor General! Edmond O Flaherty was Commissioner of Income Tax! And so on.

The English people, fortunately accustomed for centuries to exercise the functions of political life, may well be unable to comprehend the paralysis which followed this blow in Ireland. The merchant of many ships may bear with composure the wreck of one. But here was an argosy freighted with the last and most precious hopes of a people already on the verge of ruin and despair, scuttled before their eyes by the men who had called on the Most High God to witness their fidelity. The Irish tenantry had played their last stake, and lost. A despairing stupor like to that of the famine-time shrouded the land. Notices to quit fell "like snowflakes" all over the counties where the hapless farmers had "refused the landlord" and voted for a Brigadier. But the banker politician had won. His accustomed success had attended him. He was not as yet a peer; but he was a Treasury Lord. From their seat on the treasury bench, he and his comrade, "the Solicitor-General," could smile calmly at the accusing countenances of Duffy and Moore and Lucas. The New Year's chimes rang in the triumph of John Sadleir's daring ambition. Did no dismal minor tone, like mournful funeral knell, presage the sequel that was now so near at hand!

A. M. SULLIVAN.

A Grateful Woman.

I am so thankful that Mrs. Wymen told her experience in your columns last month. My husband has been sick and we have several small children and I had to do something. Mrs. Wymen's success with the plater led me to believe that I could make a little money too. I obtained a plater for $5 and have been plating for the last three weeks, as I could find the time to leave the house, and have made $36 50. I would not have believed that it was so easy to make money with the plating machine. Everybody has a little work they want done, and I sold two plating machines and made $5 apiece on them to friends who wanted them for their children. Any one can plate and anybody can succeed, as I have done. There is no experience needed. My husband says when he gets well he is going into the plating business. Anyone can obtain circulars by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, where I got my machine.

MRS. TORRY.

To Honor St. Patrick.

Division No. 10, Ancient Order of Hibernians, will give an entertainment and ball at the new hall of St. Rose of Lima, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. An excellent programme has been arranged, and a most enjoyable time is anticipated.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge

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UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Feld of Fonteney.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER III.

"Bad luck to the Sassenach robber!
Bad luck to the Dutchman, I say!
That trampled the heart of Old Ireland,
And drove her brave sons away;
And hurrah for the troops on the mountain,
Hurrah for the men by the sea—
The foe of our dastardly foemen—
Hurrah for the bold Rapparee!"

That evening was a gloomy and troubled one for Fergus O'Ronan. His mother's narrative of Ormsby's malice perplexed and annoyed him sorely. For a time he brooded over it in silence by the hearth, but at length left the house and plunged into the adjacent wood. There he strolled in deep meditation amid the trees, unwittingly remaining out much later than he intended.

On returning to the house he took up his books and applied himself to study.

He was an earnest student, though with no object in view for the time being save to gratify a natural love for knowledge—an instinctive yearning, as it were, for the great ennobler of human life. He was not an aspirant for the priesthood, as were nearly all the advanced hedge scholars of the day, whose acme of ambition was the avocation—a respectable and exalted one it most indubitably was—of a hunted and outlawed priest. He attended school only on such days as he could spare from the labor of the farm—that is, provided school were in operation on those days, which all too rarely happened. Thus his learning was picked up in a rather precarious way, so that we find him nigh 20 years of age a plodding pupil who looked upon the passage of the *pons asinorum* as quite an exploit, and one to be rather proud of.

On this night he continued to pore over his books long after the rest of the little household had retired to rest. Shortly after midnight he was startled by a loud, peremptory knock at the door.

"Who knocks so late?" he demanded.

"Open in the king's name!" commanded a voice which he at once recognized as that of the priest hunter, while at the same time his ear caught sounds remarkably like the click of a carbine lock and the clatter of a sabre.

"Ha! are you there, my gay bantam? Open at once—we have an urgent message for you," cried the sardonic tones of Ormsby.

For a moment Fergus stood in hasty consideration. The next he rushed into his mother's room, where a small window commanded a view of a field to the rear of the house.

He gazed anxiously forth. The field was flooded with moonlight, which showed him the figures of two dismounted dragoons standing beneath a tree, their helmets and drawn sabres glinting in the greenish light—evidence enough that the cottage was surrounded.

"What is it, Fergus asthore? Tell me, tell me in heaven's name!" exclaimed the trembling voice of the Widow O'Ronan, as awakened by the knocking at the door she sat up in her bed and stretched out her hand towards her son.

"Open the door at once, you whelp, or we will soon make chips of it!" roared the voice of the impatient Ormsby, and the door was shaken and strained under a shower of violent blows.

"Lord save us—avourneen, avourneen, we are lost!" gasped the widow.

"Hush, mother aroon; don't be alarmed," whispered Fergus, and then with a rapid impulse he threw open the window and jumped out with a desperate dash for liberty.

Scarcely had his feet touched the ground when a strong grasp was laid on his shoulder. It was that of a dragoon who was posted beside the window, and whom he had not observed until now, when his presence was so strikingly made known to him.

"Ho, comrades!" cried the man, "here we are—the bird is nabbed!"

"Not yet," retorted O'Ronan between his teeth, and with a swift athletic movement of hand and foot he laid his would be captor on the sward and darted away like a greyhound.

The two dragoons who stood beneath the tree rushed with outstretched arms to impede his progress, but he slipped between them and continued his course. He was making up the field when a third dragoon started up before him and headed him off, forcing him to take to the road, along which he hurried at full speed in the direction of Rathduff.

A fierce chorus of curses and commands sounded in his rear as the troopers rushed to their horses and prepared for instant pursuit. Two or three of them rushed on foot after the fugitive.

"Shoot him, lads! shoot him like a dog!" rang the hoarse, vindictive voice of Ormsby.

One, two, three, four shots rang out loudly on the still night air, and Fergus heard the deadly messengers whistle in unpleasant propinquity to his head. A wild, novel enjoyment of danger thrilled his every sinew and nerved him to greater speed.

The beat of horses hoofs now sounded behind him, and, knowing that if he kept to the high road he must be speedily captured, he turned sharply into a bohreen leading up a hill to the right. Turning pantingly on the summit he cast a momentary glance on the bright helmets so rapidly coming on, and that instant a dark figure loomed beside him and his arm was grasped as in a vice.

"What are you running for, my boy!"

"For my life, maybe," replied Fergus breathlessly in the midst of this surprise; "Canwore and the redcoats are after me."

"Follow me—quick!"

And his interlocutor—a powerful looking man in a dark cotamore—rushed off down the opposite side of the hill, making direct for the shore of Lough Conn, lying beneath. Fergus followed him at the greatest speed, but by the time he reached the shore the man was sitting in a small skiff, with two sculls grasped ready for action in his hands.

"Jump in at once," he said; 'there is no time to lose."

As Fergus entered the boat and took his seat the helmets of his pursuers gleamed on the crest of the hill, and very soon could be distinguished the red uniforms and white crossbelts of the eager dragoons. Impelled by the swift, stalwart strokes of the rower, the skiff shot out into the moonlit water. There were several lurid flashes on the shore, several reports of carbines echoed from the ivied ruin of Castle Kelly, and more than one bullet sang over the heads of the fugitives.

At length, when they were far out on the lake, the strange man rested on his oars and uttered a short, deep laugh.

"*Corp an diaoul*, that was neatly done!—wasn't it, neighbor?"

"Neatly enough," replied Fergus, "and I fancy, friend, I owe you my life."

"Ha! that's more than many a poor soul could say, who would rather put it t'other way. Maybe, gossoon, you might know who I am?"

"I only know you at present as my deliverer."

"Well, boy, have you never heard tell of Miler-na-Glanna?"

"What!—Miler Barrett the Rapparee!"

"The same, gossoon; I knew you couldn't be without knowing me."

Miler Barrett the Rapparee!

A thrill shot through Fergus' frame as he realized the fact that he was face to face with the noted outlaw—whose name was a household word in the mouths of the peasantry—the true version of whose each daring deed was never fully learned till it was succeeded by another and a more startling one. Terrible Miler-na-Glanna! The man who had single handed stopped the sheriff's carriage, robbing that magnate of his watch, sword, and pistols, and £200 in gold, and sending the affrighted lacqueys scampering away in mortal terror at the mere sound of his name. The man whose steady aim shot down five of his pursuers on the night the dragoons beat up his retreat in the Glen of the Spectres.

No wonder that Fergus should experience a feeling akin to terror at his strange tete-a-tete.

Miler Barrett, or Miler of the Glen (Miler-na-Glanna)—as he was called from his habitually frequenting the recesses of Glen Nephin—was the representative of what was once the most powerful Cymric Irish family in Connacht. There was a time when the Barretts, or Clan-Wattin, ruled every perch of ground from the Moy to Blacksod; but in the lapse of centuries their power had immensely waned, their broad possessions being wrested from them by successive waves of adventurers, until at length, when the surrender of Limerick knelled the ruin of many a Jacobite family, the father of Miler-na-Glanna, a ruined and penniless man, took to the hills and became a Rapparee. As a Rapparee, preying on the property of those who had stripped him of the remnant of his ancient patrimony, he lived and died; and his footsteps were followed by his son, whom he had imbued with his own notions of *meum* and *tuum*—together with a fixed and deadly hatred of the Anglo-Irish government and its supporters.

Fergus leant forward and earnestly scrutinized the features of the outlaw. The latter's slouched hat was pushed backwards on his head, and the moonlight fell on a stern, rugged face, a rather long and sharp-pointed nose, dark eyes looking out from beneath shaggy well arched eyebrows, and a large but firm mouth. The outlaw's hair was long, bushy, and black as night. His right ear stood out at right angles from his head, making very manifest the absence of the left, which had been slashed off by a dragoon's saber in one of his numerous adventures.

"Don't look scared, avic," said the Rapparee after a short pause; "there's nothing to be afraid about, is there? Feel as if you jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, eh?"

"I'm not afraid," replied Fergus briefly.

"Bathershin," returned the other; "but I've told you who I am, and I hope you'll return me the compliment. Your name, avic?"

"Fergus O'Ronan."

"Any relation of one Connor O'Ronan, who died about sixteen years ago—him who was put in jail for beating Wat Ormsby?"

"I am his son."

"Ha! Then there's no black drop among your kith and kin; you're of the right sort, and you need never fear Miler na Glanna. But, tell me, gossoon, why have the redcoats been chasing you?"

"For baulking Wat Ormsby of his prey—for preventing his taking Malachi Higgins the schoolmaster."

"Ho ho—so the bloodhound is home among ye once more."

"I heard that you fired at him last night at the bridge of Deel?"

"You heard a bit of rubbish, avic; I never miss what I fire at. I've not laid eyes on Canwore these six months—not since I caught him coming one night through Barnagee. Curse of Cromwell on the bodagh! if I had cut off his ears then instead of letting him off as softly as I did, he might be less active a ruffian and far better mannered. See what comes of being too tender hearted!"

Again the outlaw bent to his oars. At each stroke of his powerful arms the light skiff bounded forward like a mettled steed, the water gurgling loudly under her prow and the flying spray from the sculls flashing like diamonds in the moonlight.

The shore behind them seemed melting away into the tender halo as they sped over the gently heaving water.

Looking up, Fergus saw above him the hoary ruins of the old abbey of Errew. The sight made him turn in wonder and survey the broad stretch of water they had so rapidly traversed.

"Now, my boy," said the Rapparee, when the pair had drawn the boat a little way up on the strand, "I have said you are of the right sort, so I'll make no preamble to taking you into the company of those who'll be right glad to see you—seeing now that you're an outlaw like ourselves. Come along."

An outlaw like ourselves! The words rang rather dismally in Fergus' ears as he followed his conductor up the declivity of the ruin and entered with him its sacred precincts.

A cloud veiled the face of the moon as they passed the arched doorway and stepped with soft footsteps over the grassy homes of the dead. The Rapparee doffed his hat and crossed himself as he entered, and Fergus almost mechanically followed his example. The pair moved in solemn silence along the darkened and roofless chapel.

"It seems we are the first here tonight, but we may expect the boys in a few moments," whispered Miler. "Wait here awhile; there is a grave there yonder where I would like to—ah, great Heaven!"

An appalling cry burst from the Rapparee—a cry of mingled horror, sorrow, and rage such as Fergus had never before heard from a human being. But more fearful than that cry was the sight that met his shuddering gaze as it followed the outlaw's pointing finger.

The moonbeams, no longer obscured, streamed through a dismantled window on a newly opened grave, on the stooping form of a weird looking hag whose withered hand grasped a glittering knife, and on the sad object over which she was bending—a coffin containing the pallid corpse of a young and beautiful girl.

For several moments the outlaw stood as if petrified, his finger still outstretched, and his features rigid with the sudden ghastly expression they had assumed. At his cry the hag had started like lightning to her feet, and she now stood defiantly confronting the intruders on her unhallowed work, her eyes glowing—as it seemed to Fergus—like sparks of fire and the knife in her hand threateningly uprasied.

As she stood she uttered a howl like that of a wild beast—a sound so angry, so menacing and so malevolent, that Fergus involuntarily raised his hands to his ears.

But her threatening voice and aspect availed but little. With a second wild cry the Rapparee bounded upon her like a tiger, wrested the dangerous weapon from her grasp, and bore her to her knees. She screamed again and tore at him like a wildcat with her withered, talon like hands. But her resistance ceased as with a fearful imprecation he placed the knife to her throat.

"Oh, demon! serpent!" he thundered, "what shall prevent me from sheathing it in your black heart!"

She shrank from him at the threat, rolled away from beneath him, and swiftly gained her feet, and would have fled had not Fergus O'Ronan laid a detaining grasp on her skinny arm.

"No!" he said firmly, regardless of the vindictive glare she turned upon him, "you leave not here till you account for your presence."

To Fergus' surprise the outlaw now threw himself on his knees beside the open coffin and passionately kissed the cold, rigid lips of the form it contained.

"Oh, my lost darling!" he moaned in an agony of grief—"oh, dear, dear pulse o my heart! 'Tis scarce twelve hours since your people laid you to rest—since I stole here, when they had smoothed the turf and departed, to rain my tears over the cold sod that covered you. And now your sacred grave is desecrated and your virgin corpse violated by the hands of a fiend in human shape! But I shall avenge you, avourneen—I shall avenge you!"

Fergus noticed to his amazement that there were tears on the swarthy cheeks of his strange acquaintance of the night—tears that glistened in the moonlight. Was this weeping man, he asked himself, the stern and desperate outlaw, the iron-hearted Miler-na-Glanna?

Springing to his feet, the Rapparee once more seized the crone and dragged her from the grasp of the young man.

"Now, calliagh of the Evil One," he said in an ominous voice, "you shall tell me why you have dragged the remains of my darling from her grave?"

"Patience, patience, Miler aroon!" whined she in a tone of mocking cajolery. "Your darling is dead—dead and cold, shagur—and no knife was ever made that could disturb her rest. But don't offend the old woman, agra. Don't vex Ineen—Ineen the witch—that works charms and weaves curses, that can blight crops and disease cattle—the calliagh that can wither the lives and limbs of her enemies, that can tell both your past and your future——"

"Faugh, accursed sorceress! why were you not able to tell yourself that we should catch you here tonight at your ungodly work?"

"But I can tell you of yourself, Miler agra, and of your sister Eve—poor Eve, that was ruined by Lindsay, and that people said drowned herself in the Moy—poor Eve! ha, ha!"

"Stop, woman or demon—stop!" ejaculated he, drawing his hand across his face.

She laughed—a hideous, unearthly laugh that revealed her ugly teeth, yellow and irregular.

"Yes, yes, agra, but first, Miler, I will make a bit of prophecy for yourself, and here it is—Beware of the Clochan na n all."

"The Blind Men's Stepping Stones—wherefore beware?"

"Avoid it as you would avoid your death! And this gossoon—this gossoon, I say, is surrounded by dangers. There is a dark and bitter foe on his track. Aha! let him beware the fate of his father!"

"The fate of my father!" repeated Fergus, aghast at the utterances of the hag; but now the Rapparee shook the latter rudely by the shoulder.

"Come, gentle madam," he said grimly, "keep your warnings for your wretched dupes, the simple lads and lasses you beguile of their bits of silver. Again I demand your motive in opening this grave?"

She regarded him with a defiant leer.

"Do you know, Miler Barrett," she coolly inquired, "what I'd be likely to be seeking? Have you never heard of such a thing as a spancel stripe?"

Fergus' blood ran cold at the words, and he shuddered as he looked on the mocking, wrinkled countenance of the horrible beldame. He had often heard with loathing of the *boorogh steeol*, or spancel stripe, that most hideous of love charms. The "stripe" was a strip of human skin cut from the entire length of a corpse; and the "charm," which the "wise woman" particularly recommended to females in quest of a sweetheart, consisted in stealthily winding this ghastly tether, with certain gruesome observances, round the body of the desired man, and, lo! in the eye of *dreaght* faith, his supreme regard was won!

The Rapparee grew almost frantic with rage.

"O, Aileen! Aileen mavourneen! was it for such a purpose that your remains were torn up from the holy clay? Fiend! ghoul! servant of darkness! this is your last vile act of sacrilege—your last—die! die!"

Grasping her by the white locks, he raised the knife with seemingly deadly intent; but O Ronan rushed forward and grasped his wrist with both his hands.

"Nay, nay—kill her not!" he exclaimed.

Even in this awful moment there was a sarcastic chuckle from the hag.

"Let him be, avourneen—let him be, the angry wolf of Glen Nephin. Miler Barrett will not harm me—for his own sake."

"Why not, thou she devil?" demanded her assailant as he furiously endeavored to free his wrist from the grasp of Fergus.

"Because"—and she suddenly whispered some words in his ear. Then, breaking from his relaxed clutch, she uttered another weird, mocking laugh, and fled away into the darkness of the cloisters.

A startling change came over the Rapparee. His upraised hand dropped as if powerless, and the knife fell, jingling on the stones. He seemed utterly dazed, and swayed to and fro like a drunken man.

"For Heaven's sake, man! what ails you?" inquired Fergus in some alarm, as he laid a steadying hand on his shoulder. "Has the calliagh really bewitched you?"

"Nothing ails me," hoarsely replied Miler Barrett, slowly recovering himself; "nothing—nothing! There—I am all right now."

But now there was a new and fearful shock for the youth—a sight that made him clutch the Rapparee's arm for support, his heart growing faint with horror.

"Great Heaven!" he gasped. "Oh, look there!—look there!"

The pallid form of the girl was sitting erect in the coffin.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Irish High Sheriffs for 1892.

The lord lieutenant has appointed the undermentioned gentlemen to the office of high sheriff of the following counties in Ireland:

Antrim—George E. Kirk, Esq., Thornfield, Carrickfergus.

Armagh—James Orr, Esq., Dranagil, Loughgall.

Carrickfergus, County Town—Edward W. Keegan, Esq., Scouthbush, Carrickfergus.

Clare—William J. McNamara, Esq., Ennistymon House, Ennistymon.

Cork—Capt. Morgan William O'Donovan, Lissard, Skibbereen.

Donegal—William Henry Boyd, Ballymacool House, Letterkenny.

Down—John Doherty Barbour, Esq., D.L., Fort House, Lisburn.

Dublin—Frederick C. Pilkington, Esq., Westbury, Stillorgan.

Fermanagh—Wm. Brady, Esq., Johnstown, Clones.

Galway—Frederick J. Lewin, Esq., Castlegrove, Tuam.

Kerry—James Edward Butler, Esq., Waterville House, Waterville.

Kildare—William Ireland Wheeler, Esq., M.D., 32 Merrion square, North, Dublin.

Kilkenny—Godwin B. Swift, Esq., Swift's Heath, Jenkinstown.

King's—E. J. Beaumont Nesbitt, Esq., Toberdaly, Edenderry.

Limerick—George Caulfield, Esq. Copsewood, Pallaskenry.

Londonderry City and County—S. M. Macrory, Esq., Limavady.

Longford—Thomas Langlois Lefroy, Esq., Carrickglass, Longford.

Mayo—Col. Dominick E Browne, Woodstock, Ballindine.

Monaghan—Thomas Condell, Esq., Thornhill, Monaghan.

Queen's—Sir E Hudson Kinahan, Bart., 11 Merrion square, Dublin.

Roscommon—Gilbert King, Jr., Esq., Charlestown, Drumsna.

Sligo—Alexander J Crichton, Esq., Carrowgarry, Ballisodare.

Tipperary—James Netterville Atkinson, Esq., Ashley Park, Nenagh.

Tyrone—William King Edwards, Esq., Dairsans House, Castlederg.

Waterford—W. G. D Goff, Esq., Glenville, Waterford.

Westmeath—Col. James Smyth, Gaybrook, Mullingar.

Wexford—Lottus A. Bryan, Esq., Boormount, Kanisoe.thy.

Wicklow—Lieut Col. Fortescue Tynte, Tynte Park, Dunlavin.

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A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

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"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City.

REVIEWED THE WORK.

Congressmen at the Columbian Exposition Grounds.

WELL ENTERTAINED IN CHICAGO.

Banqueted at the Grand Pacific and Union League Club—Reception Tendered the Ladies of the Party—Connecticut Preparing for Her Exhibit at the World's Fair—Remarks by President Palmer of the National Commission.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—Sunday rest was thoroughly enjoyed by the visiting congressmen and newspaper men. After the long ride and the excitement of their first evening in the city they were quite ready to settle down to a day of decorous quiet, and in general the guests of the city may be said to have passed a piously uneventful day. They were practically left to their own devices and availed themselves of such events on the programme of entertainment as suited their fancy. Following is the programme: Church in the morning; drive through the city; receptions at the Iroquois club, the Union League club, the Press club, and the Herald building; visit to the World's fair headquarters; services at the Armour mission. The legation members were given a breakfast at the Chicago club and were entertained in the evening at the home of Charles Henrotin.

At the Fair Grounds.

At 10 o'clock Monday morning the train bearing the congressmen and their friends left the depot for the World's fair grounds at Jackson park. After a run of thirty minutes the train arrived in front of Woman's pavilion, where guests assembled and afterward viewed the grounds. The assembly of the guests at the pavilion was for the purpose of listening to an explanation of the plans of the builings and their grouping by Chief Burnham, who used the great map newly prepared for the purpose. After a thorough inspection of everything the guests were taken to the Washington Park club house where luncheon was served. Phaetons and carriages carried the guests down town in time for the commemorative address by General Stewart L. Woodford at the Auditorium, under the auspices of the Union League club.

Banquet and Reception.

At 6 p. m. a banquet to the senators, representatives, and diplomatists was given by the Commercial club at the Grand Pacific hotel. The banquet was attended by all the visiting members of the national legislature, the diplomatists of the party, thirty-six invited guests of the club, the fifty guests of the individual members and the membership of the club. A banquet was also given at the Union League club, where speeches by General Stewart L. Woodford, Senator Daniel, President Gates of Amherst, and the Rev. John H. Barrows were made. A reception by Mrs. H. O. Stone was given to the ladies among the visitors on behalf of the woman's auxiliary at Mrs. Stone's residence, northeast corner of Prairie avenue and Twelfth street. The guests departed for Washington early Tuesday morning.

What President Palmer Says.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The Hon. T. W. Palmer, president of the World's fair commission, left this city Sunday evening for his home in Detroit. In the course of a conversation with a reporter President Palmer said that the exposition management would obtain an appropriation from congress if it could. "All we need," he said, "is for congress to realize the necessity for the money in the light the exposition management sees it. If congress gives the money the management will see that it is not squandered. If hampered by lack of funds it will retard the progress of the work and reflect on the representatives of the people and the government who have invited the nations of the world to be present."

Connecticut and the World's Fair.

HARTFORD, Feb. 22.—Ex-Governor Waller presided Monday over a public meeting called to consider a means of raising funds to have Connecticut represented at the Chicago fair. A resolution offered by Governor Bulkeley was adopted providing for the appointment of a committee of sixteen, two from each county and from the two political parties as managers; also a board of sixteen lady managers and for the calling for a sum of $50,000 in subscriptions, with the understanding that the legislature will reimburse the subscribers. The taking of subscriptions be gan immediately and in a short time the entire $50,000 was pledged.

Exhibit of Denver Women.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—The women of Denver are engaged in raising $10,000 with which to contribute something notable to the Colorado exhibit at the exposition. They purpose to get Preston Powers to reproduce in bronze, one-eighth larger than life size, his celebrated group, "The Closing Era," which represents a dead buffalo and a solitary Indian in melancholly contemplation of it—the two forming, as Bierstadt says in commending the project, a "perpetuation in bronze of a dual departing race." After exhibition at Chicago, it is the intention to place the group in the capitol grounds at Denver.

Germany's Display at the Fair.

BERLIN, Feb. 22.—The Siemens-Halske company is preparing for an extraordinary electric exhibit at the Chicago World's fair to show that Germany is not behind England and France in the advancement of electric science. Merchants and manufacturers of all kinds throughout Germany are awaking to the importance of the fair, and every day brings promise of a display worthy of the empire.

VICTORY FOR MRS. BLAINE.

She Gets an Absolute Divorce and $100 a Month Permanent Alimony.

DEADWOOD, Feb. 22.—Judge Thomas Saturday granted Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., an absolute divorce from her husband, awarded her the custody of the child, $1,000 suit money, and $100 a month as permanent alimony. Mrs. Blaine, her maid, and J. G. Palmer have left for Sioux Falls.

Coal Creek Troubles Settled.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 22.—The mine troubles in the Coal Creek valley have at last been settled. The mines will be operated by white free miners on the cooperative plan. The capital stock of the company has been doubled, and the new stock will be taken by miners of Briceville and labor leaders in Knoxville, Chattanooga, Atlanta and elsewhere. The scheme has been approved by all concerned, and will be put in operation immediately.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Observed at the National Capital in the Time-Honored Custom.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The 160th anniversary of Washington's birth was appropriately observed here. The old organizations of the city carried out their time-honored custom of parading, after which they held dinners. The Washington Light infantry and other military organizations paraded. The Daughters of the Revolution began the sessions of their "first continental congress." Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, the president general of the society, delivered a patriotic address of welcome, to which Mrs. Clinton R. Beckenridge, regent of Arkansas, responded. A business meeting followed. The sessions will continue until the 24th.

The Day in New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—Washington's birthday was generally observed here. The banks, exchanges and principal business establishments were closed, and throngs of people in holiday attire filled the streets to witness the military pa rades, which were numerous and imposing. The city hall and other public buildings displayed a profusion of bunting.

At Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—Washington's birthnay was not very generally observed in this city by suspension of business. The postoffice was open all day and the usual number of collections and deliveries were made. The banks, the courts, and the county and city offices were closed.

IOWA SENATORIAL SCANDAL.

Two Solons Said to Have Been Arrested in a Questionable Resort.

DES MOINES, Feb. 22.—The senate chamber was crowded Saturday morning with people anticipating interesting develop ments as a result of the Finn row on the floor Friday noon. The temperance question was temporarily laid aside, and business began amid suppressed excitement, but proceeded quietly until the presentation of a resolution by Senator Mack, asking for an investigation by a committee of four into the charge that two senators had been arrested in a house of ill-fame in the city last Saturday night.

The Resolution Adopted.

This resulted in considerable discussion, and amendments were made giving the committee authority to summon witnesses. The resolution was adopted, and Senators Mack, Brower, Perry and Yeomans were appointed to conduct the investigation. Senator Parrott introduced a resolution firing Belvel, the man whom Finn assaulted, and excluding him from the privileges of the floor, for writing scurrilous articles about members of the senate. Kelly objected and the matter went over till next Tuesday.

GERMAN EMIGRATION.

Emperor William Will Look into and Regulate the Matter.

BERLIN, Feb. 22.—The kaiser, having got his education scheme well in hand, has now resolved to regulate emigration. The new German emigration bill, soon to be introduced in the reichstag, requires all intending emigrants to give notice to the police a month before starting. The notice must include a statement as where they are going, and the police are required to publish such notice in a conspicuous place, so that all the public may know who the intending emigrants are and their place of destination. Agents are therefore forbidden to forward emigrants unless under a written contract ond the promotion of emigration by foreign governments and societies is prohibited.

From the Agricultural Department.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The department of agriculture has issued a report upon the numbers and values of farm animals and on freight rates of transportation companies. There has been a very considerable increase in the number of all classes of animals except mules, and the aggregate value of farm animals is $2,461,755,678, or $132,000,000 more than last year. There has been a heavy increase in commercial prices. The proportion of the cotton crop of 1891 shows a general average of 83.3 per cent. No important changes in the rates of freight upon agricultural products are noted by any of the trunk lines.

Still Receiving Threatening Letters.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 22.—Frank Osborne of Washington, D. C., is in the city for a few days visiting friends and relatives. He stated that he is still remembered as the foreman of the jury which convicted the anarchists in Chicago, and the threats on his life still continue. He receives at regular intervals anonymous letters warning him what is in store for him personally, and the latest, which was received a week or more since, imparts the information that his son Ralph will be abducted. Mr. Osborne forwards all of these letters to the chief of police of Chicago.

Held on a Serious Charge.

SELIGMAN, Mo., Feb. 22.—The report is current here that Mrs. Robert Reias, living over in Arkansas, a few miles, coal-oiled and burned to death her 3-year-old stepson, Thursday last. She called in neighbors after the child was dead, and claimed she had burned her hands nearly off trying to extinguish the fire. On examination her hands were found uninjured. It is asserted the scent of coal oil was on the charred remains of the child. Suspicion rests heavy on the step-mother, who is held in custody, accused of burning to death her stepson.

Ohio Town Quarantined.

MARIETTA, O., Feb 19.—Macksburg, a town of 500 inhabitants eighteen miles north of this city, has been quarantined by the local authorities. An epidemic of diphtheria is prevailing there, and the public schools are closed. No public meetings of any kind are allowed and no children are permitted on the streets. Trains only stop to take or leave mail. Quite a number of deaths are reported, but particulars cannot be had on account of the quarantine.

Dragged from Bed and Beaten.

ELGIN, Ills., Feb. 22.—An outrage of the Whitecaps stripe has been perpetrated on William Lambrecht, a farmer. He was dragged from bed by several masked men and severely pounded. Lambrecht, while drunk a few days ago, denounced several of his neighbors, and it is thought that they took this means of wreaking vengeance.

Illinois Democratic Convention.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—The Democratic state central committee has decided upon Springfield as the place and April 27 as the date for holding the next state convention.

OPPOSED TO MR. HILL.

Henri Watterson Has Doubts as to His Winning,

AND HOISTS CARLISLE'S BANNER.

Important Editorial Published in the Louisville Courier-Journal—What the New York World Says of the Democratic Convention at Albany—The Agricultural and Industrial Reform Conference at St. Louis.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 23.—The Courier-Journal, Henri Watterson's paper, Tuesday morning says editorially: "Now that the Democrats of New York have spoken through the regular and lawful channels appointed for party expression, and the Hon. David B. Hill is formally presented to his fellow Democrats of the United States as the choice of the Democrats of the Empire state for president, the question before the country becomes one of yeas and nays, for whoever is preferred over this nomination must beat Mr. Hill. There are thousands of Democrats who, recognizing the hopelessness of the case, may consent to the loss of Mr. Cleveland.

Too Violent a Wrench.

"But they will not accept Mr. Hill. The transition is too abrupt, the wrench is too violent. The disaster of 1888, however wrongfully ascribed to Mr. Hill, rankles in many a Democratic memory. If nominated for president, Mr. Hill would carry it through the canvass as a wound upon his sword arm, which would certainly impair his fencing, if it did not in the end prove fatal to his candidacy. His nomination can only be reached after a long contest, and then only by the agency of resolute and expert organization; and when it has been so reached will he not have much weakened if he has not exhausted himself?

Carlisle's Banner Hoisted.

"To the nomination, therefore, put forward by the Democrats of the Empire state, we must respectfully and for the reasons given, vote no; and we offer as a substitute the Hon. John Griffin Carlisle of Kentucky, next in succession to Grover Cleveland, as leader and embodiment of the great issue of revenue reform, and in eminence of abilities in public services and in personal integrity altogether worthy to wear his mantle and entirely large enough to fill it."

FEBRUARY AND JUNE.

Many Things May Happen Between the Two Months, Says The World.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—The World, in an editorial headed, "February and June," says; "Senator Hill secured Monday a delegation from this state favorable to his nomination for the presidency. The February point in this game of politics has been scored. But what about the far greater contest in June? There are forty-three other states yet to be heard from, and even in two months from now the real fight for the nomination will be hardly begun. Senator Hill has secured a delegation 120 days in advance of the national convention. What will he do with it?

The Choice of a Candidate.

"A great many things are certain to happen during the next four months which may materially influence, probably determine the choice of a Democratic candidate for president. The adoption of instructions reaching no further than the presentation of a name to the convention leaves the delegation free, though chosen in February, to meet the requirements of the situation in June. And that would mean success for the party in November. The next president must be a Democrat, and the national convention must be trusted to nominate a candidate who can be elected."

The Convention at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 23.—When the agricultural and industrial conference reassembled Tuesday morning Colonel L. L. Polk was elected permanent chairman after a good deal of wrangling. On taking the chair Polk, who was greeted with prolonged cheering, and a few cries of "Our candidate for president," made an address. The welfare of a large majority of the citizens of this republic was, he said, in the hands of his listeners. Likewise the future of the republic. They wanted a full expression of opinion at this time, so that the action to be taken might meet with the views of the laboring and agricultural classes of the country. It was a time when all men had need of patriotism and should be patriots. Miss Francis Willard and Ben Terrell were chosen as vice presidents and John W. Hayes permanent secretary.

West Virginia Republican Club League.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Feb. 23.—The state convention of the Republican Club league convened in this city Tuesday morning. Over six hundred delegates are in attendance, representing nearly three hundred Republican clubs in every county of the state. The enthusiasm for Secretary of War Elkins as the candidate for governor is unbounded, and it is thought that he will be forced to accept the nomination.

The First Contribution.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—Chairman Brice of the national Democratic committee has received his first contribution to the campaign fund of 1892. It came in the shape of a check for $10 from an enthusiastic Iowa Democrat, who sent with it a letter overflowing with Democratic zeal and full of predictions of the triumph of his party in the approaching presidential contest.

Proclaims for Hill.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 23.—The Louisville Post, Democratic, proclaims for Hill for the presidential nomination. After calling attention to his splendid leadership and his ability to carry New York, it declares that Hill and success is far better than Cleveland and defeat.

Fireman Lynch's Misfortune.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., Feb. 23.—When Fireman Lynch responded with his company to an alarm Monday night he found that it was his own house that was burning. He knew that his two small children were alone in the building, and he rushed in to save them. A cry for help soon after he entered brought his comrades to his assistance, when he was found prostrate on the floor with his children clasped in his arms. All three were carried out and then it was found that both of the children were dead, while Lynch himself was unconscious and can hardly live.

WHAT THEY THINK OF IT.

Opinions Expressed by the Visitors at the World's Fair Grounds.

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—The visit of the congressmen to Jackson park Monday was a revelation to them all. Criticism without end was passed on what was seen by the visitors, but it all had the same trend. Awe was succeeded by genuine admiration, which crystallized in this fashion as it fell from the lips of these men:

Congressman Johnson of North Dakota—Although I came prepared not to be astonished, for I have been at great pains to become familiar with the fair through the literature its officials distribute, yet I must say I am amazed. It is a prodigious affair and it will be a bewilding success.

Congressman Springer of Illinois—I am devoutly thankful that I always voted to have the fair located here. It's a glorious sight—a sight for gods and men.

Surprised at the Immensity.

Congressmen Owen of Ohio—It is superb in its infancy. When it is finished it will be the rarest work of the age.

Senator Pettigrew, chairman of the senate World's fair committee—I am surprised at the immensity of the undertaking. I had some pretty big ideas about the exposition, but this sight passes all my anticipations.

Governor Oglesby—This work is simply grand. I did not believe it would be done. The management is certainly to be complimented.

Senator Vilas, Wisconsin—I have investigated everything closely and am delighted with the progress made.

General Curtis, New York—I am delighted with everything I have seen. The work accomplished speaks volumes of praise for the management.

Congresman Hamilton of Iowa—These exposition buildings are a revelation to me. I know Chicago pretty well and expected great things, but this exceeds all expectations.

Will Vote for the Appropriation.

Senator Sanders of Montana—It dazzles me. I have not comprehended the immensity of the undertaking. What I have witnessed moves me profoundly.

Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire—I am thoroughly satisfied. I shall vote for a big government appropriation.

Congressman Enloe of Tennessee—I am an enthusiast for the fair. After this trip I shall have new cause for enthusiasm.

Congressman Hopkins of Illinois—What I have seen this day is a splendid vindication of the statements given to us at Washington.

Congressman Youmans of Michigan—I am glad of the chance to see these buildings, and am well pleased with what I have seen.

M. Depre, secretary French legation—Splendid. It is the genius of the American people. It is magnificent.

TROUBLE AT A COLLEGE.

Students Run Wild and Commit All Kinds of Depredations.

NEW WILMINGTON, Pa., Feb. 23.—A fierce feud is raging at Westminster college here between the freshmen and sophomores. The freshmen have their flag floating from the college building and resist all attempts on the part of the sophomores to haul it down. Several fierce encounters have occurred, during one of which the sophomores captured five freshmen and tied them hand and foot. They then took two of them out in the country and placed them in a smokehouse, where they remained for eight hours and were nearly frozen when found by a farmer. One of the others was thrust into a sewer, and two were put in a cellar, where they remained until morning.

Dynamite Brought Into Play.

Sunday night the least of the college buildings was destroyed by dynamite. Monday night the police were out in full force, but were powerless to do anything. Both classes are armed with revolvers, clubs, and knives, mounted on horses and in wagons, and all disguised, so that it is impossible to identify them. The faculty have ordered the classes placed in jail in a body and several arrests have been made. The faculty have the names of the dynamiters and if the mob does not surrender every one will be suspended.

Shot His Daughter's Traducer.

HASTINGS, Neb., Feb. 23.—Monday Captain A. D. Yokum, a special inspector of customs, with headquarters in Idaho, shot and killed Myron Van Fleet, a prominent real estate broker, who had been circulating scandalous stories reflecting on Captain Yokum's daughter. Captain Yokum was mayor of the city for two years, and is highly respected by all classes of people. While there are 100 men standing ready to lynch Captain Yokum, 5,000 men are ready to protect him. Yokum is in the custody of the sheriff.

Terrible Treatment of an Aged Couple.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 23.—Silas Wood and wife, an aged couple residing near Wyalusing, were tied to a bedpost at their home some time during Sunday night by thieves, who robbed the house. The old couple were left tied up by the robbers and were only rescued Monday by some neighbors who heard their cries for help. They were completely exhausted by their trying experience and are now seriously ill. Two arrests have been made in connection with the outrage.

Rewarded After Many Years.

BERLIN, Feb. 23.—An aged weaver named Stockhausen, living in Hesse, has received from the Mexican government through a Frankfort bank, the sum of 15,000 marks in recognition of his having served in the war for Mexican independence (1816-1821). Stockhausen is nearly 96 years old and is thought to be the only surviving European participant in the contest which freed Mexico from Spanish domination.

Two Chinamen Cremated.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 23.—Two Chinese lost their lives in a fire in Mitchell's carpet factory. They were at work with twelve other Mongolians when flames were seen in the drying room. The Chinese became panic-stricken and two fell into the flames before they could be rescued. One coolie is missing, but it is thought he escaped and reached Chinatown.

Presidential Favors.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The president sent to the senate the following nominations: W. K. Gibert of Oregon to be United States circuit court judge for the Ninth judicial circuit; H. H. Smith of Michigan, to be assistant register of the treasury, vice L. W. Reid, resigned; C. F. Roberts of California, to be collector of customs for the district of Humboldt, Cal.

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Items of Interest Gathered from Various Sources.

Investigation discloses the fact that the building in Pittsburg, occupied by Saitta & Fergassi, Italian fruit dealers, which burned six weeks ago, was set on fire and that an Italian employe perished in the flames. P. A. Saitta, a member of the firm, and John Mazza, an employe, have been held on the charge of manslaughter and arson.

The school board of Council Bluffs, Ia., has passed a resolution to fly the national flag from every school building in the city.

The remains of Mrs. Peter Fries of Sherrill's Mound, Ia., have been buried. The woman was supposed to be in a trance for five days until decay became evident.

David Jay jumped from the third-story of Rinehart hospital, Ashland, Wis., while delirious, and will die.

Frederick Hoisington, a farmer near Three Rivers, Mich., went crazy over religion and voluntarily went to a hospital for the insane for treatment.

At Manchester, England, Daniel Budd, of Meriden, Conn., won the 130-yard sprinting handicap, and put $15,000 in his backers' pockets.

The League of American Wheelmen held a meeting at Columbus, O. Charles L. Burdett of Hartford, Conn., was elected president, and William Brewster of Quincy, Ills., treasurer. The salary of Secretary Bassett was increased from $2,000 to $3,000.

A mob attacked the Protestant church at Piracus, the port of Athens, maltreated the ministers and congregation, stole everything of value they could find and set the building on fire. Soldiers quenched the fire and arrested many of the mob.

Warsaw police officials report that German agents have overrun Russian-Poland and are secretly conducting a pan-Germanic agitation. According to the police these agents are impressing the Poles with the superiority of the Dreibund to the Russo-French alliance.

The Chicago city council has passed an ordinance limiting the height of buildings to 150 feet.

* * *

Charles Flavert of Shelby county, O., is hopelessly insane from the grip. He is laboring under the hallucination that he is accused of some terrible crime and imagines he is being pursued. Application has been made to have him committed to an asylum.

Captain Robert Nelson, who accompanied Henry M. Stanley throughout the Emin Pasha relief expedition, has left England to take service with the British East Africa company.

The Republican central committee of South Dakota has voted to hold the state convention at Chamberlain on the 23d of March.

Steel workers in the Columbia iron and steel works, at Uniontown, Pa., have refused a reduction of 25 per cent. in wages, and a strike may be the result.

Tim Green, a bartender at Clinton, Ills., forcibly ejected Eugene Lillard, after which Lillard lay in wait and stabbed Green in the back of the head.

The membership of the League of American Wheelmen now numbers 23,680, of whom 619 are women.

Bogus titles to 1,000,000 acres of land in Montgomery county, Ga., are being extensively sold over the northwest. The county has but 1,000,000 acres all told.

Two hundred and fifty persons arrested at Warsaw recently in connection with alleged nihilist plots have been exiled to Siberia.

John Calder & Co. of New Orleans have failed; liabilities, $300,000.

J. B. Simpson of Dallas, Tex., is missing, and creditors representing about $300,000 are looking for him.

The League base ball schedule for the present season consists of 154 games.

The western window glass manufacturers, at a meeting at Cleveland decided to advance the price of window glass 5 per cent on March 1.

The state of Georgia has within two months paid $400,000 in Confederate pensions, and expects to pay $200,000 more within a month.

At St. Louis Samuel T. Wilson was sentenced to be hanged March 18, for the murder of Clementine Manning in the fall of 1890.

Mrs. Anna Schultz, an aged resident of Taylor Center, Mich., mysteriously disappeared three weeks ago and no trace has been found of her. She lived with her nephew and the townsfolk believe she was murdered.

Mrs. Charles Cook of Clinton county, Ills., poured a flask full of powder on the floor, scattered some bullets through it and touched it off. She intended to commit suicide but only succeeded in burning herself seriously.

* * *

Eusebius Kempster, adjuged insane a year ago but allowed to remain at home, blew out his brains with a revolver at Olney, Ills.

J. F. Fox of Ireland, member of the McCarthyite section of the Irish party, is on a visit to the United States with a view of organizing a new league to bring the two opposing factions under one head.

Thomas Lannon and John Silver, two expert burglars, escaped from the new county jail at Burlington, Ia., by digging through the walls. The turnkey slept at his post.

Will Miller, champion bicycle rider of Stephenson county, Ills., eloped with Nancy Ellen White, a 16-year-old girl from Freeport, Ills.

Five men lost their lives in an attempt to rescue a person from a burning building at Lille, France.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad company has advanced the wages of freight conductors and brakemen 10 and 10 cents per day, and makes a day's work seven and a half hours.

At Des Moines, a 4-year-old daughter of State Senator Lewis was rescued from drowning by John Green at the risk of his life.

An attempt was made to burn the "Fair" store at Winona, Minn., and the proprietor, A. Goldberg, and his son are in jail charged with arson.

Burglars entered the store of W. A. White at Middle Point, O., and blew open the safe, securing $300. Citizens attracted to the store by the explosion exchanged shots with the burglars, but they escaped.

Trains bearing physicians, medicines, and disinfectants have been sent to the provinces in Russia in which tyhpus and black smallpox are raging.

James Hannon was shot and killed by Chief of Police George F. Hackett at a Democratic primary in Tarrytown, N. Y.

* * *

Miss Mary Hull has passed an examination for admission to the bar in Connecticut. She was the first woman in the state to present herself for such an examination.

Disturbances have broken out in the state of Clara, Brazil, and the governor has been driven from the capital.

H. J. Noyes of Richland, Wis., was elected president of the National Dairy and Cheese Makers' association at Madison, Wis.

The ice gorge in the Allegheny river extends from Red Bank to Foxburg, a distance of twenty-nine miles.

Governor Russell of Massachusetts has announced that he will not sign the bill making the governor's salary $10,000 a year, unless it is made to apply only to the years succeeding this.

Frank Justice, a farmer of Sargent, Ills., was instantly killed while felling a tree, a large limb striking him and breaking his neck.

The American bark Tamerlane was wrecked on the rocks off Puna, Sandwich Islands, Feb. 2, and the captain and seventeen men were drowned The officers had lost their reckoning.

Diphtheria is raging to such an extent in Pleasant View, Wis., that the school of the village has been closed.

St. Louis hotels decline to give apartments to Sarah Bernhart unless she would forego the company of her snakes, dogs, parrots, etc.

At Lincoln, Neb., Chief Justice Maxwell of the supreme court has handed down an opinion holding that General Thayer had no right to hold the office of governor, and that when forced out by Boyd his tenure ceased, and the lieutenant governor should have held the office pending the test of Boyd's citizenship.

Dr. Reuben Murphy of Wabash, Ind., injured in a collision of Flint and Pere Marquette and Lake Shore trains at Toledo, O., last December, has sued each road for $25,000 damages.

William Carter, son of a well-known horse dealer at Gallatin, Tenn., was shot dead by a tough citizen.

In August, 1889, Willie Soderman was drowned in a Lake View, Chicago, clay hole. His father has sued John and Charles Lebohm for $5,000 damages for the boy's death.

* * *

Judge Bobb, at Ottumwa, Ia., fined seven saloon keepers $300 each for violation of the Iowa prohibitory liquor law.

Arrangements are making at St. Louis to have races at night, electric lights to be extensively used.

At Parker, Pa., the danger from the ice gorge is increasing. The mountains are covered with snow, and if this water comes down, as now seems inevitable, all the towns along the Allegheny river will suffer.

Galveston men have pledged $150,000 for the Texas building at the World's fair.

Internal revenue receipts for the first seven months of the current fiscal year were $89,700,094, an increase of $1,289,110 over the corresponding period of last year.

At Ottawa, Ont., the governor general signed a warrant for the extradition of Moses Litzenberg, wanted at Chicago for burglary. He is now in jail at Montreal.

Thomas Cameron, a cattle dealer at Eagle Lake, Ills., was found dead on the Santa Fe railroad track at Lorenzo, Ills. He had made a large sale of cattle and was supposed to have a large amount of money, none of which was found on his person.

At Meeker, Col., preparations are being made by H. S. Attix, a taxidermist there, for a display of the game resources of that section of the World's fair. A large collection of bear, elk, lions, etc., will be mounted, as well as an interesting collection of fish and birds.

A vein of quartz has been struck in the Keystone mine, Pennington, S. D., that pays over $20,000 to the ton. The vein is three-quarters of an inch thick.

An alligator five and a half feet long was found near the bank of Rock river, at Janesville, Wis., frozen to death. It had evidently escaped from some menagerie.

Labor societies at Rome had threatened to begin a general strike unless the government started public works to give employment to idle men, but several prominent labor agitators were arrested, and all workmen returned to their employment as usual.

Thomas Goines was sentened to five years in the penitentiary at Greensburg, Ind., for shooting with intent to kill Dale Welsh.

* * *

A resolution has been introduced in the New York legislature providing that complaints against the character of the bichloride or gold cure for drunkenness may be officially investigated by an examination of the institution at White Plains.

Dr. Samuel G. Dixon of Philadelphia, thinks he has a grip microbe between two pieces of glass.

A goods depot at Chiasso, a town on the St. Gothard railroad on the frontier of Italy, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is 300,000 francs.

Ole Meyers of Hurley, Wis., shot himself through the head at a hotel in Ashland. He cannot live.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. **T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.**

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Rosina Vokes.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Lilliputians, "The Pupil in Magic."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"The Cadi."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Sarah Bernhardt.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Meininger Dramatic Co,

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Milton and Dolly Nobles.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Hazel Kirke."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

CELEBRATING ST PATRICK.

The resolve of the United Irish Societies of this city and county to turn out in parade next St. Patrick's Day is a most praiseworthy one, and THE CITIZEN hopes it will be carried out in a spirit that will reflect credit on all concerned. Every available man in the organizations, whether civil or military, should be in line. We never believed in the utter abandonment of St. Patrick's Day street celebrations, because they, at least, served to recall once a year the memories of Ireland, of the hurling, the pattern and fair, and prouder remembrances of flood and field also. The Irishman's heart must be cold indeed that does not thrill with filial joy when he hears the stirring notes of "St. Patrick's Day," "Garryowen," "The Wearing of the Green," and "The Green Above the Red" reverberating through the streets of this great city, for which the Irish-American element has done so much. Even the women of our race are made more patriotic by witnessing a fine display of Irish manhood on such occasions, and the boys and girls who witness these demonstrations are impressed with the knowledge that their fathers' country, although politically enslaved, can boast of an ancient history, an untarnished flag, a stalwart array of military material which may be equalled, but nowhere surpassed, and national music which is sufficient of itself to make a scoffer a believer, and a weakling a hero.

THE CITIZEN expects that on St. Patrick's Day every Irish American will do his duty, and that he will be aided in doing it by his wife, his sisters, and the young scions of the family. As for the old Irish mothers, their patriotism is as undoubted as was the courage of the maids and matrons of the race who fought and bled victoriously in the breach of Limerick. *They* are never ashamed of their country or their origin—as why should they?—and we sincerely wish we could say as much for *all* of the younger generation. Nevertheless, there is among the latter a large contingent of strong, intellectual women who, when Ireland is assailed by bigots, know how to defend her with both tongue and pen. There are others, we are sorry to have to say, who would, if they could, destroy every vestige of Irish literature or tradition in their households, boycott every publication that bears upon the immortal Irish question, and, through sheer moral cowardice or perverse ignorance, change their good old Irish names for ones more suitable to the ears of non-Irish bigots; and who, were they not profoundly afraid of hell, would also change their creed so as to sunder the last link that binds them to a single memory of Ireland. It is fortunate that this mischievous class is confined to a comparatively few weak-headed females of our race, but there are quite enough of them to influence the men, and prevent them from taking that active part in the movement for the regeneration of Ireland which becomes every man who has a drop of Irish blood in his veins. It is noticeable also that in almost every instance of anti-Irish men or women, they have behind them traditions of "loyalty" to the English government, or else they were so obscure and miserable in Ireland that they want to forget all about it in this country. This is the class of knaves or idiots who turn up their noses at everything Irish, and who are, *moryah*, too dainty to tolerate in their homes anything so "vulgah," you know, as an Irish melody.

THE CITIZEN thinks that Miss Frances O'Grady is entitled to great credit for the spirited and patriotic stand which she took at the meeting of the Irish-American council last Sunday. She is right in her attitude. There is entirely too much apathy among all our people here and elsewhere, and it is about time that some earnest Irishwoman, like Miss O'Grady, should voice that sentiment. American women are never afraid to stand by their principles in public—even the most feminine and refined among them. They were the mainstay of the Abolition party, and, on both sides, they seconded the spirit of the men of their families during the great Civil War. THE CITIZEN does not believe that a true, brave woman sacrifices any part of her dignity, or loses a single particle of the respect of sensible men, by displaying an intelligent interest in public affairs, and particularly in great causes, like those of Ireland and Poland, in which all humanity is interested. It is disgusting to find, when even Englishwomen step into the breach for Ireland, from the noble standpoint of human relationship, and from a horror of odious tyranny, exercised by their own kindred, so few Irishwomen, either in Ireland or elsewhere, taking the slightest interest in the greatest of living causes—a cause that even yet, in spite of all disasters, commands the attention of both the New and the Old Worlds. It is on this account, and because she has been brave enough to rebuke the carelessness, or pusillanimity, of her sisters that THE CITIZEN thanks Miss O'Grady for her recent spirited expressions. That lady did another service by calling attention to the slighting manner in which Ireland is treated by the manager's of the World's Exposition. Anything she exhibits must come in under the flag of England, her enemy, and under the heading of "Great Britain." Even under the Union Treaty, Ireland forms, descriptively, no part of Great Britain. Victoria's recognized title is 'Queen of Great Britain *and* Ireland, and Empress of India." There is no good reason why Ireland should not have a separate department at the World's Fair. That alone would give life to any movement on her part to do credit to herself, in the industrial sense, at the World's Fair. Under the blighting shadow of "Great Britain" her efforts in that direction can hardly prove otherwise than disappointing.

THE DEMON STRADDLED.

Irish ingenuity is equal to almost anything, but for real genius in surmounting a diplomatic difficulty, THE CITIZEN is compelled to award the palm to its friends M. V. Gannon, John P. Sutton and William Lyman, respectively, president, secretary and treasurer of the Irish National League of America. Had these patriotic and distinguished gentlemen flourished in the days of Richelieu, Talleyrand or Metternich, and had they had an opportunity of displaying the talents which God has undoubtedly given them, they would have reached the top rung in the ladder of diplomacy. We do not remember ever having read anything more utterly impartial than the appeal to the Irish people which we will hereafter subjoin, and neither Redmond nor McCarthy can find the slightest fault with the brotherly regard in which they are held by the Irish-American triumvirs. Who but highly gifted Irishmen would ever have thought of such a way out of a serious difficulty? In this proclamation, there is not a single crevice into which the venomous claws of faction can fasten them selves. It supports both sides, and recommends that we, the Irish-American element of America, shall pour the sinews of war into the hostile Irish camps, in the hope that, instead of fighting one another, they will unite against, and make vigorous war upon, the common enemy. Verily it is a master stroke of statesmanship, and, as such, no doub', it will be universally hailed. It gives THE CITIZEN great pleasure to print in its editorial columns the appeal as it has been issued, and it sincerely hopes that the harmony which it advocates may result according to the best wishes of its patriotic authors:

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 23.—"The stirring appeal to the friends of Ireland published Feb. 13 makes it the imperative duty of those having any heart in the movement in charge to respond in deed and in spirit to the timely and generous call of the noble-hearted editor who has sounded the note of warning of danger and advice.

"Attention, then, is hereby drawn to the signs of disintegration and apathy in the present parliament and the absolute necessity that exists that the present coercive government does not take "snap judgment" upon the Irish race and the friends of home rule.

"The advice is that money should be collected at once in all parts of the country and let those who so desire send their money so collected to the party led by Mr. McCarthy; and those who desire to send their money to the party led by Mr. Redmond should also forward it to the proper quarter with the provision that the moneys so forwarded shall not be used by one against the other. The issue of home rule must be fought out in the coming parliament. We have been idle, apathetic, indifferent and prejudiced long enough. There is no excuse now given for any man who believes in home rule to withhold his hand. The matters which separate the members of parliament in Ireland from each other cannot and should not be considered at the present time. Every right-minded man who believes in the triumph of this principle will come to the aid of all the members of the party now.

"The people do not seem to understand that no man can be recognized as a candidate for the house of commons nor entitled to a vote at the ballot box until he has deposited with the proper officer the statutory costs, in the form of coin or instantly negotiable securities, the amount on the average being $1 500 for a borough seat and $3,000 for a county seat. This money must be collected for a total of eighty-five members of parliament, and perhaps more. Shall we then do our duty, and not have it said that, after years of endeavor, of sacrifice and great expenditure, the cause was lost at a critical moment because we paused to quarrel on the way?

"No matter what our individual opinions are, or may have been, that man is not a lover of his country or of freedom who will give the world to say that he cannot put aside his personal opinion for the general good on such a momentous crisis. Therefore, we beg of you to get to work; call meetings in every city, village, town and hamlet in the United States and have this money ready, and in the hands of the proper parties at the moment when Salisbury deems it necessary to declare the life of the coercive parliament at an end. Do this and you will have the approbation not only of your own conscience, but the applause of the civilized world.

"God save Ireland.

M. V. GANNON,
President Irish National League.
JOHN P. SUTTON,
Secretary Irish National League.
WILLIAM LYMAN,
Treasurer Irish National League."

NOTE—Since the foregoing was written the following has appeared in the Chicago *Herald*: "Lincoln, Neb. Feb. 24—William Lyman, treasurer, and John P. Sutton, secretary of the Irish National League of America, do not indorse the views expressed by President Gannon in his address yesterday. Their names were signed to the document in good faith by President Gannon, according to an old precedent, but in justice to themselves they are obliged, probably, to dissent from the president's views, as they do not believe in raising funds for distinct factions of what ought to be a united body. They think the approach of the general election will force a union and funds should be raised to meet the emergency of a general election, the money to be used for the support of a thoroughly united party. The plan indorsed by President Gannon, in the opinion of Secretary Sutton, would still further perpetuate the disunion.

DR. ZIEGFELD HONORED.

The superb Auditorium was filled last Tuesday evening with fully 5,000 friends and admirers of Dr. F. Ziegfeld, founder and president of the Chicago Musical College, which was established on Feb. 23, 1867. It was, as Dr. H. W. Thomas, in his congratulatory address, truthfully said "Dr. Ziegfeld's silver wedding in the realm of art." No man has done more for art in Chicago than the Doctor, who has thrown into it all the enthusiasm of his soul. While other citizens have been developing the material interests of the city, Dr. Ziegfeld has been striving, and not in vain, to make that which is soulful keep pace with that which is of the earth earthy. Both are highly useful in their way, but Chicago has now reached a point in the estimation of the world when she must aim at being something higher than the marvel of the age in the way of worldly progress. She must not alone be the Antioch, but also the Athens of the New World. From the artistic standpoint the entertainment was a grand success Theodore Thomas's matchless orchestra, embowered in tropical plants which garnished the stage, and led by the great musician himself, shed "the soul of music" without stint upon the cultivated and appreciative audience. While all the numbers were excellent, special mention deserves to be made of the organ performance by Prof. Louis Falk, the singing of Madame De Mers Bennis and the violin solos of Leon Marx. At the conclusion of the performance the Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas delivered a characteristic address, in the course of which he called Dr. Ziegfeld to the platform. His appearance was the signal for repeated applause. When it subsided, Dr. Thomas presented Dr. Ziegfeld, in the name of his friends, with a beautiful diamond badge of honor. Mrs. Fowler presented a laurel wreath, and a costly gold inlaid silver service, of 250 pieces, from leading citizens, completed the list of presents. Dr. Ziegfeld was visibly affected by the marks of popular favor, and made his acknowledgments in the manly and modest manner with which Chicagoans are familiar. He retired from the stage amid ringing plaudits, and, to the music of the Thomas orchestra in a grand march, the great audience dispersed.

BY an unaccountable error, Charles Warren Stoddard and the *Ave Maria* were not credited with the interesting article on Cork city and Blarney Castle which appeared in last week's issue of this paper.

THE Tammany Democrats in New York are now singing "Hill, Hill, D. B. Hill," and are giving one G. C. a very cold chill. Flower almost begins to blossom out as a Democratic candidate, Chicago being full of fragrance for him. Still if the Republicans, unanimously as it were, should begin to sing "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine," Dave would have an up-Hill job before him, and Flower might be nipped in the bud by a chill Blaine. Oh, the weather.

THE aged father of the late Ald. M'Abee died on Wednesday of typhoid pneumonia, contracted while in attendance at the deathbed of his son

GEORGE WASHINGTON was duly honored on the 22d. Banquets were given by the Union League and several other clubs in this city. Grover Cleveland, ex President, addressed the Ann Arbor students on "Sentiment in Our National Life," and was well received. The Michigan Club electrified Detroit, as usual, and, in fact, the day was more generally observed than in former years.

THE visit of Congress to Chicago was signalized by the worst weather in the way of fog, damp and mud, experienced here for years. Nevertheless, the senators and representatives enjoyed themselves and bore testimony to Chicago's serene superlativeness. They were dined, wined and so on ad infinitum. It is to be hoped they got $5,000,000 worth of comfort out of their Chicago experience. It was cheap even at that price.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"MICHAEL CONWAY," alias "Darty Mechanic," Cleveland, O. As the Duke of Wellington said to the fellow who thought he protected him in crossing a crowded street, "Don't be a d— fool"—that is if nature does not actually compel you to be one, anyway.

Catholics Honor Washington.

The Union Catholic Library Association held its annual celebration of Washington's Birthday at Kimball Hall on last Monday. The affair was a decided success musically, socially and financially. The hall was crowded and all those who appeared on the programme were greeted with the most enthusiasm.

Hon. Marcus Kavanagh delivered the address of the evening, and eulogized Washington as "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." As usual, Judge Kavanagh's appearance was greeted with a storm of applause. Miss Alice Coffey captivated the hearts of the audience by her beautiful rendition of "Just before the Battle, Mother." Miss Coffey's friends must have been many, for she was recalled four times to bow her acknowledgments.

Miss Lilly Roemheld's violin solo, "Souvenir d'Amerique" was finely rendered, as was also Mrs. Sadie Dee's recitation, "The Saving of St. Michael's." "The Star Spangled Banner" was charmingly sung by Miss L Ludwig, and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," by Miss Therese Dunlap. Miss Catherine Hyland's rendition on the piano, of a medley of "American Airs," was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. T. J. Darcy closed the programme by singing "America."

The committee who had charge of the arrangements are to be congratulated upon the entire success of the affair.

OBITUARY.

MR. HENRY BEST, SR.

Mr. Henry Best, Sr., one of the oldest settlers in Chicago, died last week at his residence, No. 11 Best avenue, Lake View. Mr. Best was 88 years old and had lived in Chicago since 1833. Private services were held at the house Sunday, Feb 28, at 1 o'clock p. m., and the funeral took place at 1:30 o'clock from the Sheffield Avenue church on Mariana street. The remains were interred in Graceland. Mr. Best was highly respected by all who knew him, and the attendance at his obsequies was very large. His son, Henry Best, Jr., is clerk of the Circuit court, and several other sons are prominent in Republican politics in this city.

PROF GILMARY SHEA.

Prof. John Dawson Gilmary Shea, a distinguished Catholic publicist and editor of the New York *Catholic News*, died at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., last Monday. He had been ill for some time and retained consciousness to the last. The Pope sent him benediction through Archbishop Corrigan. Prof. Shea was born July 22, 1824, in New York city. He was educated in the grammar school of Columbia college, of which his father was principal. After taking a theological course he entered the German novitiate at Fordham college, but left in 1854. He took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar. He wrote for newspapers and magazines, essays, reviews and Biblical criticisms, and often fell into the line in which he often made his greatest successes—history. The crowning work of his life was the "History of the Catholic Church in the United States." It consists of five volumes, four of which have been published. The fifth is in such shape that little editing will suffice to make it ready for the printer. St. Francis Xavier college honored Mr. Shea with the degree of LL. D., and the Queen of Spain appointed him correspondent of the Royal Academy of History in Madrid. He was the first president of the Catholic Historical society.

MR. EDWARD KEENA.

On Feb. 13 there died at his residence, 4135 Atlantic street, after a brief illness Mr. Edward Keena, aged 31 years, a native Ballymore, county Westmeath, Ireland, and a brother of Mr Patrick Keena, a prominent Irishman in Denver. Mr. Keena left Ireland ten years ago and spent six years in New Britain, Conn., and from thence came to Chicago. He went to Denver some few years ago, and after some three years' residence in that city returned to Chicago, where he was recently struck with the prevailing disease, and rapidly succumbed. The funeral occurred on the 16th inst., when his remains were removed from his late residence to St. Cecelia's church, where high mass was celebrated by Father O'Reilly, who delivered an admirable discourse, after which the sad cortege proceeded to Mount Olivet cemetery, where the remains were interred in the lot of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago. Capt. L Buckley, with a number of the Clan na Gael Guards, of which deceased was a member, in uniform, acted as a guard of honor, and followed their deceased comrade to the grave. The following gentlemen were the pall bearers—Messrs. Martin Mulcahy, Harry P. Heming, Con Houlahan, Dan O'Connor, Martin Garrity and William Houlahan.

EX ALD TIMOTHY HICKEY.

Ex Ald. Timothy Hickey, well known in the political circles of this city, died last Monday after a lingering illness. He was very popular among his constituents, and a tremendous congregation gathered in St. John's church on Wednesday morning to assist at high mass of requiem. The Rev. Dr. T. J. Butler was the celebrant, assisted by other clergymen. Ald. Wall, Duer, Burke, O'Brien, Pfister and Bidwell were the pall bearers.

CORRECT GAELIC.

[*To the Editor.*]

BUFFALO, N.Y., Feb. 15.—I have been a constant reader of your paper and of the *Irish American* for ten years. I take THE CITIZEN for two reasons: that is, for its fine, well-written leaders and for its correct Gaelic. I take the *Irish-American* for one reason: that is for its Irish; but if its manner of printing Irish does not improve I will have to give it up.

I do not profess to be a great Gaelic scholar. There are a great many people in this city who can speak Irish, but only very few who can read it. I belong to the latter class myself. I would like to see Irish printed in the old Celtic letters as it is in the *Irish-American*; but must say that much as I love the old letters, I love correctness better. If not an Irish scholar such as "Patraic," D. Magner and others, I know enough of the language, thank Heaven! to know when it is correctly printed; and must say that the Gaelic of THE CITIZEN is about the most correctly printed that I know of in any publication. This shows that you have some Gaelic scholar to correct the proofs, or that you are a Gaelic scholar yourself. Anyhow, the work is well done, and I am sure that every one who loves our dear but sadly neglected mother tongue, will be rejoiced at the good work THE CITIZEN is doing for it.

I wish I could give praise to the *Irish American* in regard to its Irish, for, as a rule, the Irish in it is the worst printed I have ever seen. I would be very sorry to say a word to discourage the editor of that paper from printing Irish; but justice to the language compels me to speak plainly. Very little of the Gaelic in it seems to be corrected by a competent person. Letters are set upside down, single words are often made two or three of. In a word, it is, even to one of my limited knowledge of Gaelic, perfectly clear that in most cases, no one who has even a small knowledge of the language, ever sees the proofs. This is not right, for when Irish is made "jomethry" of by the printers, it does grievous harm to the language, puzzling the ignorant and disgusting the learned. My advice to the *Irish American* would be, either to cease printing Irish, or print it even middlingly correct. Surely the editor of that old and esteemed journal could, for very little expense, get some one in New York to look over the proofs for him once a week. What's worth doing at all is worth doing well; and for the sake of the language, I hope that those who undertake to print Gaelic will at least show it the respect they show English, and do their best to print it correctly. There is an old saying in Irish, and I greatly fear it applies to the *Irish American* in the matter of Gaelic—"Ni'l mess ag duine air an rud nach tuigeann sé."

My only objects in writing this letter are to compliment THE CITIZEN on the general correctness of the Gaelic poems, etc., that appear in it, and to try to induce the *Irish American* to be more careful in future about printing Irish.

A POOR SCHOLAR.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Rev. Father John Friedon, provincial of the Jesuits, was in the city last week on his way to Milwaukee.

The Rev. Father Distler, late of Grand Rapids, Mich., a priest of the Redemptorist Order, has been appointed an assistant at St. Alphonsus' church in this city.

The Forty Hours' Devotion began last Sunday in the Holy Family church, with a solemn procession of the blessed sacrament, and closed Tuesday evening.

A retreat will be given to the married men of Holy Family parish, beginning the first week in Lent. The Rev. Father Finegan, S.J., will conduct the exercises.

Mr. Edward Osgood Brown addressed the members of the Union Catholic Library Association and their invited guests at the library rooms, No. 94 Dearborn street, last Friday evening.

An entertainment was given in the Library Hall at Austin Friday evening in aid of St. Catherine's church. A feature of the exercises was an illustrated lecture by the Rev. Father Tighe of Holy Angels church.

An entertainment was given at the parochial school hall of St. Bernard's church Monday evening. The programme was excellent, and included "The Loan of a Lover," which was produced by the St. Bernard Dramatic Club.

The choir of St. Michael's Church last Sunday sang Haydn's first mass, "Veni Creator," double quartette, Hatton; offertory, Salve Regina, tenor solo, Rossini, was sung by Mr. Charles M. Moore. Vespers at 3:30 o'clock with Gregorian chant. Evening services at 7 o'clock included stations of the cross and benediction.

The Rev. Father Ponziglioni, S.J., the well known Indian missionary, is now permanently located here, after thirty years of his life spent among the Indians, principally the Osages. Father Paul, as he is more familiarly called among his brethren of the order, has taken upon himself the task of forming the Italian population of the city just west of the river into a parish, and says there are about 300 families of them. The venerable father has been making visits to these families, and has issued a circular letter to them in reference to this work. He will conduct services two evenings in the week during Lent, preach to them in their own language, and hopes to do much toward improving their physical as well as their moral condition.

We are requested to announce that a collection for the poor under the care of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Holy Family (Jesuit) church, will be taken up next Sunday at all the masses. The distress among the poor of the parish this year is unprecedented, and it is hoped a liberal response will be given to this appeal. At the pontifical mass, 10:30 o'clock, the eminent Irish baritone, Mr. William Ludwig, will sing at the offertory.

The Austin Catholic Literary Circle visited the power house of the Cicero & Proviso Electric Railway on Monday, and were given some practical illustrations in the electricity studies, which form part of the system the ladies have adopted. The electrician and other officers of the company extended all the courtesies possible, and the ladies were highly pleased with their visit.

A grand concert in aid of St. Monica's church, composed of colored Catholics of the city, was given in Farwell Hall Wednesday evening. The music was of a high order and was in charge of Prof. F. Hugo Edelman, the organist of St. Michael's church. The very popular artist, Miss Flora Batson, mezzo soprano, took prominent part in the programme, Miss Eliza Allen Starr gave readings, and the former popular quartette of St. Mary's church gave some of its choice selections.

THE ANCIENT IRISH.

[*To the Editor.*]

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Feb. 22.—"Has the time come?"—the time to arouse the "spell stricken band"—the time to call forth the spirits of our glorious ancestors from the cave beneath "noble Allech" in Inishowen. A soul is coming into the Gael, if not into Ireland, and curiously as well as justly, it comes from Germany, the field of the campaigns of the soldier-monk teachers who, from Ireland, traveled in twelves under a chieftain who afterwards became their abbot when they had civilized a neighborhood suitable for a monastic school, among Franks, Burgunds, Swiss, Alemanni, Scandinavians and, by induction, even among the ultra savage Saxons. Even the Faroes were visited, and later, Ireland was occupied from February until August by a band of indomitable Irish monks centuries before Lief Errieson was heard of.

M. Timmer, in an essay on "The Irish Element in Medieval Culture," published in the *Preussische Jahrbucher* for 1887, tells where may be found some precious MSS like the "Book of Kells" in Trinity, in which every capital "O" is as perfect a circle as the famous "circle of Giotto." This book is 1200 years old. We are told that "The MSS which still remains in Italy as evidence of the labors of Irish monks in that country in the sixth and following centuries, are to be seen at the Ambrosian Library in Milan, at the University Library in Turin, and at the Real Biblioteca Borbonica, Naples. All these MSS are said to have been brought originally from Bobio, a monastery in Piedmont, founded by St. Columbanus in 613," after he had labored in France twenty-five years and in Switzerland, with St. Gall, three years, very much as his countryman, St. Columkille, was doing about the same time, or earlier, in Britain.

In Ratisbon, in Vienna, in almost every library in Europe, are to be found, in a more or less perfect state of preservation, specimens of the literary and apostolic labors of the Clann na Gael, and doubtless, many of those precious relics could be obtained for the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, if responsible friends of Ireland, such as the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, would guarantee the safety and safe return of them to their present possessors. One specimen is particularly desirable—a Life of St. Findan, now in the monastery of Rheinau. In this book occurs the passage containing the words in the Irish language which Findan heard from heaven, exhorting him to perseverance, and which occasioned the following: Ambrose Ross, a Scotch monk, visited Rheinau in 1710 and was warmly welcomed by the brothers, who imagined him to be a "Scot" or Irishman (all Irishmen being called Scots during the middle ages) who could translate the Gaelic words in St. Findan's *Vita*. But the canny countryman of Ramsay and Burns knew no more of Gaelic than of Choctaw, and basely lied to the brothers of St. Findan, giving them a pretended translation of the words. Through ignorance of the real meaning of the term "Scot," Leo X was persuaded to give the monastery of Ratisbon to the Scotch in 1515, and the Irish brothers were driven out, although that marvel of architectural beauty and strength had been erected by Muiredach MacRobertaig (Marianus Scotus) from Tirconnell, through the munificence of Moriertach MacLoghlan, monarch of Ireland, in the eleventh century. These facts are given by the German essayist, and if the friends of Ireland but do their duty many more of such facts will come out at Chicago in 1893.

JAMES HAGERTY.

Athletic Entertainment.

The Finerty Athletic Club will give their second reception at Cline's Hall, corner of Wells and Huron streets, this (Saturday) evening. During intermission there will be a tug of war contest, in which the Finerty, Grattan, Company B Hibernian Rifles, and other teams will participate. The members guarantee a good time to all who may attend, and would be very much pleased to see as many members of the Gaelic Athletic Association present as can possibly come, as they wish to fraternize and affiliate with them.

PERSONAL.

Mr. E. E. S. Eagle, of the firm of H. R. Eagle & Co., has gone on a trip to Europe for the benefit of his health, and will be absent some months. Mr. Eagle is one of our most active young business men, and his present indisposition is due more than anything else to intense application to his duties. The change and rest will speedily restore him to perfect health. All his friends will cordially welcome back Mr. Eagle to his post in the popular firm of which he is a member.

DAMNED BY RECORD.

Eleanor Kirk Says That Harris, Sentenced to Death for Wife Murder, is a Bad Man, but May be Innocent.

He was, She Thinks, Chiefly Condemned Because of Former Misdeeds—Other Matters of Interest.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 23.—There are a great many humane people in this little world of ours. There are more sentimental ones, and fewer logical ones. From all quarters of the country have come letters both from men and women protesting against the verdict in the Carlyle W. Harris case. Only a limited number of these communications touch the point, although all are expressive of the tenderest sympathy with the mother who is called upon to suffer so agonizing and crucial an experience. Two thirds of the correspondents dwell upon the awful injustice done the young man, "who is perhaps no worse than many other young men who are received in the best society." One writer suggests that the women of Brooklyn get up some sort of a testimonial to prove to the prisoner the feeling of sympathy which exists in the community.

This is sickening, and I make use of this single instance of super-maudlin sentiment to "point a moral," but not to "adorn a tale." I am not fond of such idiotic maundering, and have little respect for, or confidence in, the woman who could tolerate, much less defend, a man of the Carlyle W. Harris stamp.

To the few who write thrt they do not think the charge of murder proven by the testimony, I must say that I agree with them. The evidence of the final killing was purely circumstantial, and the gradual killing from the time of their first meeting should not have had any weight with judge or jury. By this I mean to say that as far as human evidence can be relied upon, Harris was thoroughly cold blooded and cruel in all his relations with the gentle girl who foolishly became his wife. This treatment sapped her strength and made her young life one bitter and shameful crucifixion. In my estimation the final deed, even if he had been guilty of it, was nothing in comparison to the brutal things he did do. But that is neither here nor there. The law offers no penalty for slow murder, and it should be very careful how it allows circumstantial evidence to send a man to his death.

Harris may be as innocent of the act for which he is convicted as the unborn child. He knows, and he is the only one who does know. He is condemned, as it seems to me, by his past record, and not from any direct evidence in the case. That he was "bad enough to do it" is no proof that he did do it. In the meantime it behooves the mothers of this country to show their sympathy for their stricken sister in every possible way. Mrs. Harris (Hope Ledyard) is one of the writers of this country country who started out with high aims and a genuine desire to help women. As a lecturer she has been a success, as an author she has been well received. As a woman she is above reproach, and if there is one angel more tender than another in the great, sweet spirit realm, I would beg that one on my bended knees to draw close to this heartbroken mother, and love her and sustain her till she is enabled to look up with clear eyes and a new heart, and say as she will some day have to say "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

I have a little communication to make to my readers in reference to a book I have made called "Beecher as a Humorist," and I make it because I know that many of them would like to have the witty and funny sayings of this remarkably witty and eloquent man where they could pick them up at any moment and enjoy a broad smile or a hearty laugh. The material for this work was selected by a careful reading of every sermon and every lecture ever delivered by the great preacher, as well as many private letters. It was an arduous undertaking, and consumed a great deal of time. The *Tenax Siftings* says of the book, "Hundreds of themes and thoughts and every one with a whip crack in it," and the Providence *Journal*, "Extracts which now please the intellect, and now tickle the fancy into merriment, and which never fail to touch the heart of some eternal truth."

My friends know me well enough I trust by this time to perfectly understand that I would never mention an unworthy cause, or a book that would not repay the buyer. No library can be complete that has not "Beecher as a Humorist" on one of its shelves, and the mother who wishes to lead her child through agreeable ways to the performance of disagreeable duties, or feels the need of present and cheering help in her work, will find it in this volume. This is the testimony of those who have read it. One lady writes as follows: "You little know how well you were building when you were at work on 'Beecher as a Humorist.' It has given my family and my friends more solid enjoyment, comfort, and uplifting than any volume in our possession. It is wisdom, spirituality, pathos, and fun epitomized. Mark Twain was right when he said that 'Henry Ward Beecher had more fun in his little finger than he (Mark) had in his whole body.' But this was because Beecher's lights were always preceded by shadows, and his humor became a matter of contrast."

This book is handsomely bound in cloth, and will be sent to any address from this office, 786 Lafayette avenue, postage paid, for $1.12.

"What is the matter with you women who know better, that you do not make it a condition of friendship that your acquaintances shall not sweep the nasty sidewalks with the tails of their gowns?" a gentleman asks.

Well, really that is rich.

Why do not men who know better make it a condition of friendship that their acquaintances shall not expectorate all over the sidewalks? Wearing trained dresses on the street is vulgar and dirty, but not one millionth part so nasty as the broadcast spitting that prevails among men. Whoever saw a decent woman do such a thing? Nobody. ELEANOR KIRK

IRISH-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

The St. Patrick's Day Parade—Mr. John Foley Re-elected President of the United Societies, and Col. Jas. H. Lynch Grand Marshal.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Irish American Council was held at Fitzgerald's hall Sunday afternoon to take action on St. Patrick's Day parade. Mr. John Foley presided and Francis J. Conroy acted as secretary.

The following Irish Catholic societies and organizations, forty eight in all, sent three delegates each: Hibernian Benevolent Society, St. Mathew's Temperance Society, St. Ignatius Total Abstinence Society, Men's Sodality of St. Peter's, Hugh O'Neill Club, Clan na-Gael Guards, Knights of St. Patrick, Wolfe Tone Literary Club, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Divisions 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 17, 19, 23, 35, 36 and 37; Hibernian Rifles, Companies A, B, C, D, E, F, G and H; Sodality Association, Columbia Football Club, Emmet Athletic Club, Grattan Athletic Club, Enniskillen Athletic Club, Wolfe Tone Athletic Club, Celtic Athletic Club, Robert Emmet Guards, Patrick O'Donnell Literary Society, St. John's Mutual Benefit Society, St. Aloysius Society and the Columbia Association.

The first business in hand after the reading of the minutes of the last meeting and hearing the treasurer's report was the election of officers for the next year.

President Foley began a speech of declination, saying that he had held the position long enough and some one else ought to have a chance, but he was interrupted by a motion of a member that the secretary be instructed to cast a unanimous vote for the re-election of Mr. Foley to the chair, and this was carried with a cheer. The same process was adopted for Vice President John Fitzgerald, Secretary Conroy and Treasurer Sheehan.

By a unanimous vote it was decided to have a parade on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, and then Francis T. Colby in a short but pithy address nominated Col. Jas. H. Lynch, of the Hibernian Rifles, for marshal of the day. It was the only nomination made, for the delegates made it impossible for anyone else to be heard, so vociferous was the indorsement of Col. Lynch.

When quiet was restored the marshal elect said that he desired each society and organization represented in the Council to send him an aide-de-camp, and tomorrow there will be a meeting at the same hall for the purpose of naming the aides and arranging the route of the parade.

Miss Fanny O'Grady, who was the only lady present, was then called upon for a few remarks, and she advocated the cause of the true Irishwomen of the city in a stirring speech. She said that heretofore the Catholic Irish societies had ignored the women in their St. Patrick parades, whereas the Orangemen and North of Ireland organizations had always invited the women to turn out with them. She hoped the proper invitation would be extended this time, and she was sure several thousand would join the procession in honor of St. Patrick.

Miss O'Grady also took occasion to denounce the action of the World's Fair directory in making the invitation and allotting space to Great Britain include Ireland. She declared the Irishmen of this country ought to be ashamed to allow the British minister and the British government to represent Ireland at the fair, and she for one would regard Ireland as having been completely ignored if the exhibits from that country were shown under the same roof and same flag as England.

Her remarks were received with great applause, and on motion an invitation was extended to the Irishwomen of Chicago to join with their husbands, brothers and sweethearts on St. Patrick's Day.

A committee of three was appointed to draft resolutions of regret on the death of Charles Stewart Parnell, the same to be reported at the meeting of the Council two weeks hence. Upon motion it was agreed to send a circular letter to each parish priest in the city requesting him to arouse the interest of his congregation in the parade and to secure a good representation of the parish societies in the procession. A similar letter was ordered sent to every Irish Catholic society in the city not represented in the Council. After listening to some patriotic addresses from M. J. Keane, F. T. Colby and P. O'Connor Ryan, the meeting adjourned.

"My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but since giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla she has become well, strong and healthy."

The election of a councillor for the vacancy in the Ennis town commissioners, took place on Thursday, Feb. 4, and resulted in the return of Mr. Carroll, C. E., Liberal Unionist, by a majority of eight votes over his opponent, Mr. Martin Honan.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

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GAELIC POETRY.

Oscar, Or Ui Chuirnin.

Aisdrighthe o'n t-Sacs-Bheurla.

LE PADRAIC.

Air ghiais-fuiedhnaibh Ghuirtín, 'n áit is gloine an sruth,
'N áit a bh-fásann an droighneán go bláthmhar 's go dlúth,
Do chómhnuigh Ua Cuirnín, saor-chroidheach 'gus eóir,
Mar do chómhnuigh a shinnsear le bliadhantaibh go leór.

Leis an bh-fuiseog, air maidin, bhí seisean 'na shuidhe,
A'n do sheinn sé mar fhuiseog, oir b'eudtrom a chroidhe,
Mar an t-solus geal gréine a sgaibas a ghlóir,
Do bhí cáirdeas Ui Chuirnín do bheag a's do mhór.

Níor mhol sé fear saidhbhir, 's níor cháin sé fear bocht—
Ba h-í fáilteamhlacht déirce a g-cómhuidhe a locht—
Bhí a ghaire mar cheol d'a chuid cómharsanaidh úmhal,
A's chuir fáilte a bhéil a miofhortúin air sulbhal.

Acht thuit neul air sheun-Eirinn, mar do thuit air an Rómh,
A's áit-cómhnuighe d'a cloinn ní raibh aict-se dhóibh;
Mar sin dfhreadh Ua Cuirnín, an treun-fhear, farsoir!
'Nua dhedraidh croidhe-bhriste, bh-fad, bh-fad ó n-a thír.

Ní'l teach, talamh, no táin in a sheilbh a-nos mó,
A's ní chluinfidh a chapall a bhian-glúth go deó;
Ins an teampull, 's an sonach, ní fheicfear go bráth,
Ua Cuirnín bhí seasmhach i g-cogadh 's a n-grádh.

Béidh a theach-san mar dhídean, béidh a ghorta faoi bhláth,
Ag a namhaid is duibhe,—'s béidh Máirín, a ghrádh,
I bh-fásgadh fir eile—acht tá aon charaid fíor
Nach d-tí éigfidh dí-chuimhne a mhaighistir go siar.

Sin ó Oscar, a shean-chú, noch i m-bothar 'gus slighe
Tá ag cuartughadh Ui Chuirnín nach bh-fúigidh a cholbh'—,
Ag an teampull, 'san sonach, ag gince 's ag dáil
Tá gach éadan acht aon éadan dílis le fághail.

Tigeann deireadh an lae, as mar thuiteann an nóin,
Tá a chaol mar bhéidheadh caolneadh ó mhaithair i m-brón,
Acht le cedí na fuiseoige, arís tá a thóir
Air Ua Cuirnín nach g-cluinfidh go siorúidhe a ghlór.

IRISH NEWS.

CLONMEL WATERWORKS.

A local government board inquiry was held recently, to consider objections from person interested against the execution of works outside the district. The Clonmel Corporation are about to carry out waterworks at the estimated cost of £14,467. The government arbitrator sat on Tuesday, Feb. 2, to decide the value of the various lands required for the works. Tenders have been received for the iron pipes and valves, and the tender of the Stanton Iron Works Company (limited) for £4,848 14s 0d, has been accepted. The works will commence immediately. The engineer to the scheme is Mr W. H. Radford, C. E., of Nottingham.

WILL VISIT CORK.

Mr. J. H. Parnell, in response to an invitation from the Cork Young Ireland society, has consented to go to Cork at a very early date to address the members of that society.

TOUGH ON THE BOYS.

According to the report of the Baltinglass Union it is the duty of the master of the workhouse to dress every male child who is an inmate. To many people this will be a revelation calculated to lower the dignity of the position. Were it not for a certain amount of friction between officials this interesting tit bit of poor law information would hardly ever have come to the knowledge of the outside world. The matron complained to the guardians that the master had insisted upon her dressing a male child named Moran, a duty, she contended, which did not belong to her position. Her view of the regulations were endorsed by the clerk. The master, however, found an answer in some recent regulation ordering that male children under the age of seven should be kept in the female side of the house. Apparently this was unassailable, and the board decided that the master was relieved of the obligation of superintending Master Moran's toilet. But he must dress all boys over the age of seven, unless the tailor and porter, who, as he informed the board, have so acted for him, continue to discharge those agreeable (?) little offices. If the deputies resign, and no one can be found willing to succeed them the Baltinglass master will probably take a dislike to his occupation. If a master in a big union, say the North or South Dublin, was similarly troubled, he would soon get sick of his post.

THE SCHOOL OF ART, CORK.

The prize given by Sir John Arnott for modeling has been secured by W. Hoare, who exhibited three beautiful and artistic specimens of clay and plaster modeling. The works present features of the greatest promise, and bespeak a very brilliant career for the artist.

TWO DEATHS FROM STARVATION.

Two women, named Mary and Elizabeth Rooney, aged respectively 70 and 80 years, have been found dead in a miserable hovel in Ballydrummond, near Castlewellan, county Down. They had formerly been in comfortable circumstances, but their means became exhausted, and recently they had nothing to live upon, their farm being mortgaged, and out of their possession. The door of their cabin was noticed to be fastened, and they had been missed for some days. When it was opened the bodies were seen lying on the floor greatly emaciated, amid filthy surroundings, while the roof of the cabin was opened to the rain.

MR JOHN MORROGH, M. P.

Mr. John Morrogh, M. P., for Southeast Cork, has intimated that he does not intend to seek re election. His business compels him to return to the Cape in the early autumn, and as he will have a somewhat protracted stay there he does not see any chance of being able to devote any time to parliamentary duties.

A NEW BISHOP.

On Sunday last at the Cathedral, Waterford, the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan was consecrated bishop of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, the imposing ceremony being witnessed by an immense congregation, among which was a large number of his old parishioners, whose spiritual wants he so zealously watched over for a number of years in the city of Cork. At the conclusion of the imposing ceremony his lordship was presented with several addresses from the citizens of Cork, which proves that by them, irrespective of those of his own persuasion, he was held in the highest esteem. Dr. Sheehan, at all times, evinced deep anxiety for the welfare of his people, and particularly the artizans and laborers, whose rights he has at all times shown himself ready to champion, and for whom, on more than one occasion, he did a man's part. His lordship was born at Bantry, county Cork, in the year 1845, so is now in his 47th year. He was educated at St. Finbar's seminary, Cork, and afterwards at Maynooth. His first charge was that of chaplain of the Cork prison in 1863, and subsequently St. Patrick's, and St. Peter's and St. Paul's churches. His lordship is a very strong advocate of temperance, and is undoubtedly a very eloquent preacher.

ACCIDENT.

On Feb. 5 an accident of a grave character occurred to Mr. Thomas Donovan, the well known and popular horse dealer, while he was hunting in the vicinity of Cork with his draghounds. While he was jumping a fence at Corrin his horse fell and threw him violently to the ground, breaking his collar bone, and causing other injuries. This is the third occasion on which Mr. Donovan broke his collar bone in the hunting field.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The tenants on the estate of Mr. Marmion, in the Calf and other islands in the vicinity of Schull, county Cork, have come to a satisfactory settlement with their landlord. The terms of settlement are fourteen years' purchase at the judicial rents and the cancelling of all arrears.

Three houses were blown down on last Tuesday week during the storm at Ballinsloe. In one of them an old woman named Bridget Keogh was seriously injured. In another a woman named Mary Curley sustained a fracture of the leg.

Mr. John O'Hagan, chairman of the town commissioners, died in Carrickmacross on the morning of Feb 5 of acute pneumonia. Mr. O'Hagan had reached his 73d year.

Capt. Sarsfield, the Conservative candidate at the recent Cork election, died on Thursday, Feb. 3. Death was due to an internal ailment from which deceased suffered for some years.

CATHOLIC FORESTERS.

They Intend to Take an Active Interest in the World's Columbian Exposition.

The Catholic Order of Foresters are making arrangements to participate in the World's Fair. The following address has been sent to all subordinate courts of the order:

"OFFICERS AND BROTHERS—The time is approaching when we should take suitable action for the proper celebration of the 400 h anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. With that patriotic object in view, the High Court Board of Directors has directed me to issue a call to the various courts requesting them to send one delegate from each court of the order to meet at Orpheus Hall, No. 49 La Salle street, Chicago, on Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2.30 p.m., to consider how best to celebrate the anniversary of that grand event. The uniformed courts and commanderies that are organized under the auspices of subordinate courts are especially requested to be represented on that occasion. Brothers, the High Court Board of Directors appeal to us as American citizens, as patriots who love our common country in all its parts, with all its blessings of climate; a country which has given us protection; a country beneath whose Star Spangled Banner we have grown prosperous and powerful; a country under whose liberal laws we have enjoyed civil and religious liberty; let us in gratitude for the blessings which the Almighty God has showered on us in this great American republic make such preparations for the proper celebration of this grand event, and let us conduct our deliberations on that occasion so that the result of our actions will reflect credit on our organization and be an honor to this great American republic. Yours fraternally, P. J. CAHILL, H.C.R."

In response to the call 206 or 207 lodges, representing 25 000 members, it is expected will send delegates to the Orpheus Hall meeting Sunday. Arrangements will be made for participation in the civic parade during the opening days of the World's Fair next October. Displays representing different pages of civilization will be arranged for. Trucks mounted with allegorical displays will take part in the procession. Court Lincoln will have a representation of Lincoln signing the emancipation proclamation. Court Marquette will display Marquette landing in Chicago in a canoe. Courts Sherman and Sheridan will have something typical of the life of these men.

Women who suffer from nervous and physical debility find great help in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effect of a stimulant, without reaction—the result being a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both of mind and body.

1778. 1892.

EMMET'S ANNIVERSARY.

The 114th Anniversary of the Birth of the Illustrious Irish Patriot and Martyr

ROBERT EMMET

Will be Celebrated Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago at

Central Music Hall,

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1892.

The Following Programme Has Been Arranged by the Committee:

1. Organ Solo, Fantasia of Irish Airs.....Mr. Dingley Brown
2. Remarks by the Chairman.....Hon. R. S. Tuthill
3. Quartette, "Columbia".....Misses McKnight and Cahill, Messrs Wilson and Quinlan
4. Song, "Rising of the Moon".....Mr. W. L. O'Connell
5. Soprano Solo, "I'm Thinking of Erin To Night".....Miss McKnight
6. Recitation.....Miss Burke
7. Solo, "The Dear Little Shamrock".....Mr. John M. Wilson
8. Address.....Hon. Francis W. Walker
9. Song, "Holy Old Ireland".....Mr. Edward J. Quinlan
10. Violin Solo.....Mr. Seth Earl, accompanied by Miss Edith Hayley
11. Contralto Solo, "The Minstrel Boy".....Miss Nellie T. Cahill
12. Organ Solo, "The Lily of Killarney".....
13. Reading of Address.....Mr. James M. Quinlan
14. Quartette, "Star Spangled Banner".....
15. Irish Bag Pipes.....Prof. Delaney
16. Closing Ode, "God Save Ireland".....Hon. Michael McInerney

TICKETS - - - - 50 CENTS.

Sold Only at the Box Office for Five Days Before the Event.

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Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
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We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.
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Best Sample Tea	20c
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Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
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THE OLD HOME.

How fair they faced the glowing morn,
Deep whelmed amid their grassy waves,
The pleasant steads where men were born
And died in sight of ancient graves!

But now the sturdy grandsons start
From nearest port, 'neath favoring gale,
And fast are growing gray and swart
In treasure laden tropic vale;

Or they who trod the winding lane
Athwart some city's shadows haste,
Where hands that bound the ripened grain
Have lesser gold within them placed.

The old house waits; to violets wake
The snowy fields when south winds stir;
The roads are bright with rose and brake;
And harvest rounds the calendar.

Some noontide of the waning year
Casts its slant beam o'er way and wall,
And sees returning, bent and blear,
The unforgotten prodigal.

As verdure creeps and water winds,
And night brings nestward birds that roam,
So toilworn man's life sunset finds
In paths that seek one portal—home!
—F. D. Stickney in Boston Commonwealth.

THE ROBBERY.

At the head of the hurrying Spokane lay the placid lake of Cœur d'Alene. The festooned pines and mossy rocks of its indented shore played Narcissus with its pellucid calm; a glassiness broken by an occasional cranberry spotted trout turning wagon wheels in the sun, and sending off a whirl of spray that turned opaline, and in faintest ripples died away. Where the lake ends and the river begins, a mule tailed deer plunged into its waters from the parted reeds and cat tails of the miniature bayou giving approach from the underbrush skirting the hill, and with antlers erect swam straight toward the sound of a bugle calling to reveille the drowsy soldiers on the fort side. The companies fell in sleepily for sunrise roll call on this quiet June morning of 1882, and Andy Strefler whispered to his file leader as they marched in to breakfast that he thought he heard a gun talking just as the first sergeant called his name in the detail for guard mount; while down the river and a mile beyond Fatty Carroll's place, where the darkness of the straight road in the woods is streaked with gray light from the open prairie farther on, something is happening to lift the routine of garrison life above monotony. The railroad station is nine miles away and is designated Rathdrum. Adjoining it is another structure, after the same plans and specifications, by no lack of courtesy, the Grand hotel, with everything conveniently on the ground floor—the dining service of tin plates and huge pans, and the chairs a long slim slab on either side of the unplaned plank table. Contiguous is the postmaster and his store, but there is no express office.

As the early morning train comes in, the stage for Fort Cœur d'Alene swings up to the door of the freight office, Corporal Solon Bainbridge, Jr., with a Colt in his belt, receives a rough, strongly nailed box addressed to the post quartermaster, the black paint words in one corner indicating that it contains horseshoe nails, presumably for the cavalry troops, and it is stowed away in the boot.

The corporal is the escort as a matter of form; the Chinese railroad graders are strangers to theft, and the Siwashes think it reprehensible—ponies and dogs not catalogued. A momentary stop is made at the office of the Grand; two mandarins destined as servants to officers lose themselves in their clothes as they curl up on the inside back seat, and with the corporal beside him, Dick, the old time driver, straps himself under the canvas and in half an hour has passed the open prairie, and the horses drop into a walk before their disappearance in the woods, while with an especially satisfactory pull at his pipe, Dick turns to the corporal and Ping!

The old story of fancied security is repeated. The song of the bullet tells the corporal what has happened, and as he reaches for his revolver he has peculiar sensations; he finds that it has dropped out of the holster somewhere on the road; he hears a second shot; he feels a pain, which he thinks must be rheumatic. The one man by the roadside, with a gunny sack over his face and chest, lowers his Winchester, tells his unseen men not to shoot and drags the square box out of the boot. It is heavy and disarranges the gunny sack mask, for a moment exposing the face of the highwayman to the dull eyes of the half unconscious corporal, who recovers with a gasp; the frightened leaders, who had turned head to head with the shivering wheelers, reared to the front again.

While the men of the post were still at breakfast the guardhouse sentry saw a dense cloud of dust arise on the river road, and coming to arms port called out, "Corporal of the guard, number one!" Out of the cloud, as if escaping from a prairie fire, came plunging and rolling the Rathdrum stage, its four blacks racing like the wind, snorting with terror, their nostrils distended, their eyes on fire, the flecks of foam flying wide. They came to a standstill in front of the adjutant's office, more from habit than the corporal's right hand pull on the reins. His left arm hung limp at his side, while with pale face and quivering lip he touched the visor of his fatigue cap in salute and reported that the stage had been robbed of $10,000.

Dick sat on the driver's seat, leaning over as far as the straps would permit, like a drunken man asleep, and a red band of blood from a purple hole in the center of his forehead said in a pathetic way that he had "driv out his trick" and slowed up for the last time.

The horseshoe nails were funds shipped to Major Bull, the army paymaster, for payment of the troops at the post and at Camp Spokane, Foster Creek and Colville, and when it penetrated the fatty brain of this globular officer, who had but "fed on the roses and lain on the lilies of life," and who was purple of face with that bad living so often miscalled good, that this was a money loss and responsibility of his own which could not be shifted, he ran a full hundred yards down the road to do battle with the robbers and was carried back on a stretcher. His young wife could not be induced to let him leave his quarters for a week, fearful of his tendency to too violent exercise, and has never ceased to be grateful to the tender Providence that averted apoplexy on that awful occasion "when the colonel was robbed." That obese officer and gentleman swore a great oath that future consignments should be escorted by a full company, and the records show that on this point at least he was true to himself. He locked the stable at the usual time.

The trumpet blew a stirring call now; one that brought the flush of excitement with faster pulsations, and a moment's blood tingling worth a year of commonplace life. In twenty minutes Troop B of the ——th cavalry charged down the dusty road, the fluttering of the guidons and yellow facings of the cavalry uniform, the rush of gray horses and the sheen of the polished steel scabbards as they caught the early rays of the morning sun and clattered in chorus, making a picture worthy the study of a disciple of Meissonier. At Bonanza City, better known as Fatty Carroll's place, on the very edge of the reservation, a halt was made and the troop apportioned into detachments to cut the surrounding country into segments as the spider does the circle of his web when he runs his lines across it. Fatty was called on to keep open house, and having been a soldier himself knew what it meant and hustled.

The post had not been paid for three months, and the heyday in the blood of Fatty's boarders was tame. Nothing was found in the dance hall but sawdust and commingled reminiscences of stale beer and stogies, and the bedrooms of the blear eyed and very dizzy "girls" gave no better results. One squad then whirled away like Arabs down the river road toward Spokane Falls, another swept along the road cutting through the forest, past its margin where the "hold up" occurred, and on to Rathdrum, while two others deployed and went at twenty yard intervals through the giant pines to the open prairie beyond. During the afternoon the last detachment had returned; the fruit of the reconnoissance, an old miner in the post guardhouse.

A burro, as old as his master and none the less patient in appearance, in apparent unconcern nibbled the quartermaster's straw rick near the corral, a carefully adjusted diamond hitch still in his pack. Corporal Bainbridge had not sufficiently recovered to view the captive. He had not detailed an account of the robbery, having been carried unconscious from the adjutant's office to the post hospital, where for several days he and life were not on speaking terms.

The miner and his burro had been sighted near the scene of the robbery on the road to the fort. Both were walking, both heads were down, both seemed too deeply plunged in meditation to hear the approach of the troopers and both were unfeignedly surprised when arrested. In the pack were the miner's usual paraphernalia—extra boots, a red flannel shirt, pick and pan, a sufficient grub stake for months, and a spade bearing signs of recent use. His manner, his dress, his idom, his tone, his atmosphere proclaimed the miner, his pockets even spoke of his occupation, for in one reposed a greasy buckskin wallet, closed by a puckering string, and containing seven gold twenties and a few small nuggets gummed together by chips of navy plug. No other money and no weapons except a revolver and knife were found upon him, and his account of himself was so remarkably perpendicular that even Major Bull was constrained to let the poor devil loose. Accordingly the patient old man and burro were liberated in two hours after their capture, and set out bearing no ill will, so the spokesman said, but a sense of great injury was plainly visible in their bearing as they passed slowly out of sight. A few days later and it was current they had survived the snow-deeps of the Fourth of July pass and had fairly entered on their prospecting among the spurs of the Cœur d'Alenes, where gold was soon after discovered. Subsequent events proved the falsity of this rumor, and that they had waded through to the railroad in the neighborhood of Pend d'Oreille and gone back to "the lower country" to sip again the sweets of the blossom of civilization.

During his convalescence Corporal Bainbridge was tried by a garrison court. His commanding officer, Captain Kell, known to his familiars as the "Jack of Clubs," because of his startling resemblance to that chap as found in the squeezers used at the clubhouse, was most aggressive for the accused, who had enlisted to learn music when a boy of fourteen and had soon been transferred to his company, where he now was after nine years' service. The corporal submitted a statement in his own behalf, in which he said he was reaching for his revolver when he was shot and only then discovered its loss. The finder having restored it and testified to having dug it out of the mud near the freight office, the court found a verdict of acquittal—against all precedent.

Three months later the young soldier found himself, with a private of his company, detained at Ainsworth, a straggling rendezvous of lumbermen and miners on the Snake river. The train ferryboat Frederick Billings was too tublike to attempt a crossing that evening, and to make detention doubly sure the wind blew so strong from the low stretch of the further shore as to glue her to the bank more securely than other anchors could have done. Our hero of the stage episode was en route to Vancouver barracks, intrusted with the safe keeping of a military convict sentenced to imprisonment there, and with other passengers sought the comforts of the big hotel, and secured the usual accommodations of ten in a room and two in a bed.

He retired late, but nature's soft nurse, who "knits up the ravel'd sleave of care," was far away. He was as restless and sleepless as the shrieking wind. The sound of the flying sand against the windows, mingled with the bizarre music of the near dancehouses and game halls, drifted in, and the floating discordance was strangely magnetic. He left the private and convict to entertain and watch each other, and went out into the storm. Its fury was unabated. The sand stretches were drifting like snow, and the sagebrush and greasewood of the plain laid flat before the wind and were covered over. He left the river bank and found himself in the glare of the yellow lights from Hank Faughn's "Temple of Art." Nobody even glanced at him as he entered the long hall, embellished by groups of gamblers. His abstract impression was that there was a plentiful supply of whiskers, flannel shirts, belts, boots, knives and revolvers. The groundwork of the scene was familiar; it differed but in degree from others he had laid his eyes on. Here a half dozen of the uncouth lived for stud poker, and the stacks of smiling twenties, sentineled by convenient "weepuns," suggested how quickly they might die for the same game.

There is the streaky shadow, where the tin disk reflectors struggled to send the lazy light of the oil lamps; projected from the board walls were the layout of faro and the lean kine—its devotees. Out of semifog came the spring click of the tin box mixed up with the penetrant voice of the dealer. Farther on the roulette spun its revolutions of destiny for the human moth. Here was given the grim and grizzly the chance to forget himself, his surroundings and the too numerous regrets of his past; here his love of excitement had steady growth and gratification, and a channel was hollowed for escape of the energies which his mode of life left unused. Here the animal was let loose: the large elephant grew larger, the tiger was toyed with, and even the old game of chuck-a-luck was remodeled by the appearance on a green oilcloth of a canary colored pony, with flowing mane and tail, who was now recognized as "mustang."

The boy in blue went disinterestedly and slowly from group to group, idly watching the play, and the very reverse side of it all, his old mother in her little home, was made a flashlight photograph on his mind. He remembered that when he was younger his hair had been wet with his mother's tears, and that somebody, whose bearded face he recalled often, had gone away. He had worked for her and for his little brothers until they became old enough to take up the life of his kind, and then he went out to ask if the world were not wider than it seemed, taking her blessing to keep him warm. When he thought of this he no longer accommodated himself to his environment. The atmosphere rested on him heavily and the sounds jarred and offended all his senses. He turned and went down the hall. He had neared the last table when a nervous hand caught his eye as it lifted a stack of blue chips and dropped them rapidly, one after the other, with that never described sound known only to the player. He followed up the hand to the profile of the face, and stiffened where he stood; his blood cold, his eyes fixed, his heart movement arrested. Recovering himself, he passed on, looked through the three bullet holes in one of the six small panes of glass in the upper part of the double doors, raised the huge iron latch and stood facing the outer blackness.

Life is not told by clocks. He was there for a minute, but he had lived out years of time. He turned a sharp about face, and with that nondescript, blood chilling look a man wears but once in life, strode straight and unarmed to the place of the profile, laid his hand almost tenderly on the shoulder of his man and said softly, as if he feared he might wake him, "I am Corporal Solon Bainbridge, Jr., and I arrest you for the Cœur d'Alene stage robbery."

The hand of the other was on his revolver and both were traveling to a dangerous level though in a slow manner of indecision, while his eyes seemed lifting painfully. When they rested at last on the boy's face his own had lost the concentrated look of the gambler. The pearl gray shadow stealing over his seamy cheeks spoke of more pitiable suffering than mere physical pain, and a wide gaze of such distressed helplessness as no painter will ever approach grew out of the fading, fierce light of his eyes. The half raised arm replaced the half ready weapon on the table with all the carefulness of age palsy, and the ashen lips tremulously said, "I'm ready!"

It was a matter for a half hour's wonderment in Hank's place that there was no blood on the sawdust, and then the dice rattled, the faro box disclosed a jolly looking, well fed king; cries of "The lucky red is filled; fifteen in the black and you all win; come along, gentlemen," were heard; the roulette ball went round again, and the feverish life that consumes held on its way.

Conviction was had on the evidence of the boy, who unwittingly was about to doff the arm chevron for the shoulder strap, and when the secondhand wit of the post asked him who was the woman in the case, the Jack of Clubs replied, "The boy's mother."

Within the limits of Kootenai county, in the territory of Idaho, on Jan. 15, 1883, for the double crime of murder and highway robbery, was hanged until it was dead the body of Solon Bainbridge, Sr.

He was the father of a soldier!—W. H. Shir-Cliff in Washington Post.

Banish the Collar Stud.

When a man has so far gone to the bad with a stiff neck that he can't look at a pretty girl across the street, and when it grows worse and worse, until he has to hang his head out of the side of his bed when he sleeps ask him if he wears a collar button, and if he does advise him to discard it. A man in our town has discovered that the collar stud digging into the back of the neck paralyzes his brain forces and makes his head refuse to turn. Sew a plain pearl button on the back of your shirt, and be happy.

At any rate there's no torture under a coat collar that is harder to bear than the collar button under a winter overcoat's extra weight digging into the very zenith and funnybone of your spinal column. Physicians say it is a sure cure of the grip to discard the collar stud and sew on a button.—Lewiston Journal.

FAKE PROMOTERS.

A CERTAIN CLASS OF MEN TO BE FOUND ONLY IN NEW YORK.

Occasionally They Manage to Get Across the Water to London for a Few Weeks, but Lower Broadway Is Their Stamping Ground—How They "Operate."

"When I was in London I stopped at the Langham. I intended to combine business with pleasure.

"I expected to sell a few thousand of our Irrigation Canal bonds. The day I arrived I strolled down stairs and into the hotel office.

"I was staggered to recognize several faces from New York in the throng.

"They were faces, too, of fellows whom I had seen hanging around the cafes and bars of lower Broadway.

"They were generally seedy and seemed to be waiting for somebody to 'blow them off.'

"How they ever got to London or what they were doing I don't know. One thing I do know, they spoiled my game, for I never mentioned bonds to any one during my eight months' stay.

"No wonder London is a suspicious market for American investments."

Thus a gentleman, just returned from the other side, held forth on some of the New York promoters he met in London.

This class of "promoters" is a peculiarly New York one. They make a precarious living by bringing labor and capital together.

The capital they join to labor is not their own—far from it. With the true spirit of the broker, they give the benefit of their experience and business acquaintance to others and pocket only their commissions.

That is about the only thing pocketed in the whole transaction, except the bitter, bitter memory of the laborer or producer.

A short time since Mr. Jason Idlewild, a highly respected citizen of Painted Post, came to New York.

He brought with him his latest invention, a compound centrifugal churn.

He had a feeling in his simple, suburban mind that each and every resident of Fifth avenue was losing sleep because the hired girl could not get the skimmed milk which is sold to unsophisticated city folks to produce the proper amount of butter. So he hied himself to this city with his churn model packed in a dry goods case. Visions of untold wealth were in his mind.

Now, if there is any one in this wide world who can put an inventor on the right track it is this class of "promoters."

One of these individuals scented the festive granger and his packing case full of churn. So he took him gently in tow and piloted him right up against capital.

What Mr. Idlewild did not learn of "controlling interests, charters, treasury stock" and other mysteries of corporate companies wasn't worth knowing.

After he had paid his "broker the commissions and expenses" he went home.

Of course he was made vice president of the "Compound Centrifugal Churn company." When he struck his native heath again the Painted Posters congratulated him on his success.

His old occupation of rising with the lark at dewy morn and gathering the early varieties of hen fruit seemed irksome.

His duties as vice president of the churn company did not interfere with his regular farm work—not to any great extent. He was only required to be vice president—that was all.

But it all ended as it usually does—and the suffering citizens of Fifth avenue continue their struggle with an inferior grade of butter.

The poor, hard worked trustee of somebody's estate may have tried to knock Jay Gould out of the street. But Jay has an "anchor tied cinch" on that particular portion of this somewhat wicked metropolis.

Now, the trustee would not for the world be dishonest or work any wrong to the fatherless or the widow. He therefore fills up his safe with stocks and bonds. These he buys from the "fake promoter" for about fifteen dollars per thousand.

True, the value is hardly up to the amount of his trust, but that is the trustee's business.

So he turns over to his wards as beautiful a lot of bonds and stock certificates as ever escaped a junk shop.

And then the titles—"Alaska, Yucatan and Cape Horn Railroad First Mortgage Bonds" and the "Bungtown Water Works Company's Bonds," and others.

Who shall say it is not a goodly lot?

In the matter of providing purple and fine linen wherewith they may be clothed and food whereby they are nourished these handlers of prodigious financial schemes—these links between capital and labor—are not in it to any great extent.

They know that the great financiers are not given to pointed toe shoes and strap seam covert coats.

Therefore, if their own coats are a trifle shiny, if their trousers do have whiskers on the bottoms, if their shoes are rather gone at the heels and their derbys are of the crop of three years ago they have their example in the master minds of finance.

Most of these "promoters" are too strong to work. While their wives can keep their houses filled with boarders at six dollars a board, why should a "promoter" bother his head about where the staff of life is to come from?

It sounds well for any boarding house keeper to inform the compiler of vital statistics for the city directory that her husband is "a broker."

Again, the table talk at dinner time is much enlivened by the broker's description of "how Jay milked the market." The boarders fail to grumble and fail to wondering why he did not dine with his friend Jay.

One peculiarity of this "promoter" is his watchword, "tomorrow."

Alas! for frail humanity, who believe that "all things come to him who waits," the "promoter" fails to bring the day for "closing the deal" ninety-nine times out of a hundred.—New York Recorder.

Slips That Always Raise a Laugh.

To few of us is it given never to make a slip of the tongue. On the contrary, most people have some unpleasant memory or other of some dreadful mistake they have fallen into, and even although years may have passed since the fatal moment when their lips betrayed them, they are still unable to recall the circumstances without again experiencing the agony and their cheeks displaying the blush which followed upon the first discovery of the slip. Take a few examples to illustrate what we have advanced. It was but a very small and even insignificant change of a letter which rather spoiled the impressive eloquence of a preacher, who, warning his audience against idolatry, in place of "Bow not thy knee to an idol," made a false step and said, "Bow not thine eye to a needle."

In the same way the young clergyman with the correct Oxford pronunciation in giving the hymn, "Conquering Kings," merely stumbled over the first vowel, but being unable to save himself was hurried over the precipice and startled his congregation with the announcement, "The hymn tonight will be 'Kinquering Congs, Kinquering Congs.'" Much the same was the pitfall into which a reverend gentleman walked when in place of saying "Behold the fig tree, how it withereth away," by a simple transposition of two letters he asked his audience to "Behold the wig tree, how it fithereth away."—London Tablet.

The Sad Part of It.

A good soul in Ohio absolutely worships Dickens, even going so far as burning a candle before his portrait. She reads nothing but Dickens, and when he came here to read she wrote to inquire whether he'd visit the west. Receiving a reply in Dickens' own handwriting, her joy knew no bounds. Her hero could not leave the east, therefore she determined to go to New York.

Jones, the husband, demurred, but upon being wakened one night with the threat that if he did not give her money to travel like a Christian, she would walk, Jones succumbed. Mrs. Jones went to New York, had a private interview with Dickens, attended his readings, and returned home more rabid than ever.

When the news came of Dickens' death Mrs. Jones was inconsolable. Not long after Mrs. Jones' sister died, but owing to the illness of this sister's husband, whom she was obliged to nurse, Mrs. Jones could not attend the funeral. When the rest of her family returned they found Mrs. Jones reading "Pickwick" to the sick and bereaved man. As a relative approached the bed, Mrs. Jones burst into tears, exclaiming: "The saddest part of it all is to think that dear Sarah died before I had finished reading 'Martin Chuzzlewit' to her; and now she'll never, never know how it ends! Oh, it's too bad!"—Kate Field's Washington.

Electricity in Oyster Culture.

Electricity is about the last thing to be thought of in connection with oysters, yet a very close association between them has been established by M. Lacase-Dutheier, the well known authority on oyster culture. He makes use of the electric light in examining the stages of development through which the spawn passes. A glass cylinder is mounted in a cylindrical skeleton cage which serves as a support, and into this glass the water containing the spawn is placed. At the bottom is a silvered reflector, and the cover forms a parabolic reflector, in the center of which is fixed a small incandescent lamp. The reflector and sides of the glass cylinder act in such a way that but few rays of light emerge from the apparatus directly, hence the liquid is suffused with a soft illumination which is admirably suited to the examination of the contents. A modification of this little apparatus is now being employed in various researches into the life processes of ferments and the culture of microbes.—New York Telegram.

A Curious Fungus.

The department of agriculture at Washington has received from Consul Jones, located at Chin Kiang, China, a small bottle containing specimens of a curious fungus that actually grows from a species of caterpillar. Unlikely as it may seem, this fungus literally transforms the caterpillar into a vegetable, making the unhappy insect serve the purpose of a root. The caterpillar itself is the larva of a moth peculiar to China and Japan. When the cold of winter approaches, this moth bores a hole in the ground to a depth of three to seven inches and curls himself up to wait for spring.

While taking his winter sleep he is often attacked by a remarkable disease, which causes him to send forth shoots like a sprouting vegetable. These shoots appear and fructify above the ground like any other species of mushroom. This remarkable animal vegetable has no other means of growth than the curious one above described.—St. Louis Republic.

A Study of Eyes.

A story is told of the courtship of the late Sir George Airy, the famous astronomer. By reason of his timidity, he seemed doomed to be a bachelor for life. But fortune favored him and he drifted into matrimony in an unexpected way. An intimate friend remarked to him one day: "Have you ever observed Miss ——'s eyes? They have the property of double refraction." "Dear me, that is very odd," he exclaimed; "I should like to see that. Do you think I might venture to call?" And call he did, and begged permission to examine the young lady's eyes.

The novelty of the situation may have fascinated him. At any rate he begged the privilege of a second look at the eyes in a clear light; the problem grew so interesting that he at length came to the conclusion to make it a life study. The boldness born of scientific curiosity enabled him ultimately to propose. He was accepted, and the strange courtship ended in a happy marriage.—London Tit-Bits.

TOWERS RICHLY LINED WITH GOLD.

Wealth in the Old Chimneys Where the Bonanza Ores Were Refined.

For nearly a quarter of a century two tall towers have stood at the foot of Hyde street, near Leavenworth, almost on the edge of the beach. One rises to a height of 110 feet and the other reaches more than fifty feet in the air. They are both very broad and thick, and they have brick enough in them to construct several buildings.

They are relics of the flush old days of the Comstock mining era, when Flood, O'Brien, Fair and others banded together and erected the famous Selby Smelting and Refining works. There, from the bonanza days of 1860 to as late as 1885, the great chimneys belched forth fire and smoke. They never stopped. Wreaths of flame and volumes of soot circled in the air over the domes at night time, while hundreds of men toiled in and about the works, cutting and shoveling ore and slag, molding bars of bullion and refining it to pure silver, gold, lead and copper.

In 1885 the Selby company concluded to move its works. It was known that the old underground flue that connected the furnaces with the chimneys, as well as considerable of the ground all about, was permeated with gold and silver settlings and solid metal. On the advice of a skilled European expert the company dug up the ruins as well as a large amount of soil to the depth of five or six feet and transferred it by tons to the new works at Port Costa. There the stuff was run through the works, and it is said realized not less than $500,000.

Selby & Co. did not dream that in the towers which were left standing and in the million tons of slag and mineral permeated soil much wealth remained. The ground was sold and nothing was thought about it for a long time.

Some time ago W. B. Cluff, the well known merchant and politician of this city, acquired the ground on which the old works and the present slag pile and chimneys remain. It consists of five fifty-vara lots, or 2¼ acres. Meantime he had several experts make examination of the brick towers and the surroundings. They reported that the metal and black dust of the towers was a veritable mine of wealth, and that the grimy matter that filled the interstices and in one form or another permeated the brick reeked with valuable minerals. Also that the gray slag which had been carted away from the blazing furnaces in primitive days contained large quantities of gold and silver and should be worked over. Promptly thereupon Mr. Cluff secured the silver and gold lined towers and the debris. He is said to have paid $40,000 for the chimneys alone. His object is to work them up and get the money out of them.

"I do not think I will have any trouble in getting the gold, silver and other mineral out," he said yesterday. "It was on the advice of an English expert that Selby & Co. took a lot of the debris to Port Costa, and I am informed they got over $500,000 out of that. Several skilled mining men have come to me lately and offered to buy me out or work the chimneys, slag and soil on a percentage. I have not closed with anybody and do not think I shall. There is an immense amount of slag there. In some places it is 200 feet deep. It all contains gold, silver and lead, with some copper. I have had the ground assayed around there, too, and it all shows up well. In some places it is very rich."

Mr. Cluff's intention is to tear down the great towers, which have so long been landmarks in the history of the city, and which can be seen for miles out at sea and in other directions, and wrest from them their gold and silver lining.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Judge's Jocose Retort.

"I think the late Judge Devens," said Mr. Arthur Macy to me the other day, "was the greatest after dinner speaker I ever heard. I remember a striking instance of his readiness in jocose retort. He made a five minute speech at a club dinner, and in the course of his remarks he established his claim to his place at the dinner by instancing his authorship of a large volume that was made up of tragedy and comedy and of many startling phases—some dramatic, some ludicrous, some pathetic—of human life and nature.

"The book was the 142d volume of Massachusetts laws. Immediately a member was on his feet and thanking the judge. He had been on a jury once, and the justice who was trying the case said that a verdict should be rendered unhesitatingly in accordance with a decision that was contained in that very volume of which the judge had just spoken. The verdict was rendered immediately and the juryman secured a good night's rest, for which he was thankful to Judge Devens and his book.

"Without a moment's hesitation, Judge Devens replied, 'If the gentleman will imitate the example of the justice of whom he speaks, and peruse the entire volume that I have spoken of, I assure him that he will secure many a good night's rest.'"—Boston Globe.

A Rich but Unapproachable Country.

There are said to be five counties in Missouri and eleven in Arkansas, comprising a strip of country 125 miles square, that have no railroad communication with the outside world, and are yet wonderfully rich in zinc ore. This section of the country lies south and west of the Memphis railroad, north and west of the Iron Mountain, south and east of the St. Louis and San Francisco and north of the Arkansas river. The zinc carbonates of this region yield 83 per cent. and the "jack" 60 per cent. of pure zinc ore.

A traveler, Mr. W. E. Winner, of Kansas City, says that he found in the mountain a cave even larger than the Mammoth cave. The manner of life of the people is extremely primitive. They live in log houses without windows. Bacon is their main staple of diet and tobacco their only solace. They seldom work as long as they have food and tobacco in the house. But they are virtuous, peaceable and kindly disposed to the stranger.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WHY THE DINNER WAS LATE.

An Exhaustive Search Was Necessary to Discover Important Utensils.

An incident which occurred two or three years ago, on the occasion of the young German emperor's visit to Greece, illustrates anew the fact, which no one ever doubted, that the etiquette of a court may bring as much discomfort to the king as to the people who surround him.

The kaiser holds the honorary rank of admiral in the British navy. The commander of the British squadron in Greek waters tendered his majesty a dinner on board his ship. Of course the banquet was to be a most elaborate and magnificent affair.

The hour arrived, and the royal guest and his suite and officers, all in brilliant uniform, were assembled. Then it was discovered that an important implement was missing. Where was the emperor's knife and fork?

For the kaiser, having but one arm that he can use—his left arm is withered—can wield the scepter, the sword or the pen, but cannot use a knife and fork as other people use them. In their place he employs an ingenious contrivance which combines in one implement both knife and fork, and does very well with it.

Just at that moment it was discovered that the imperial knife and fork had not been placed by the imperial plate. It was sought for, but it could not be found. The emperor's attendants were inquired of; no one knew where it was.

Then the knife and fork might have been left ashore, perhaps. A picked crew were put into one of the ship's boats, and brawny backs bent over the oars, for the errand was one that called for dispatch. The emperor's quarters in the city were searched, but no knife and fork could be found.

All this time the dinner was spoiling. The search had been made with all possible energy, but it was now two hours since the table had lacked only the kaiser's knife and fork. But the dinner could not be eaten until the kaiser was ready to eat, and his eating implements must be found.

Perhaps before this time the happy thought had occurred to more than one person, "The emperor may know where it is." But up to this time no one had ventured to ask him. Would he, under the melancholy circumstances, take it amiss if he were questioned? Hunger rendered the host bold; with decorus delicacy the emperor was approached, and the momentous question was put. Could he tell where his knife and fork might be found?

"Why, yes, here it is," replied William II; and reaching inside his uniform he produced the much sought implement from an inner pocket.

The host forthwith led the way to the table, not only greatly relieved in mind, but deeply impressed with the fact that the affairs of Germany were in safe hands.—Youth's Companion.

A Duel in the Dark.

Cornelius O'Dowd, in one of his inimitable essays, tells us that once upon a time in the County of Clare a quarrel occurred in the hunting field between two gentlemen whom we will call Captain Robbins and W. Jones, Esq. Very hot words passed between them. "Let us settle the business at once," cried the captain; "I have pistols in the house." "Nothing better," said the squire; "I'm your man." It was at length decided that they should fight in the stable yard, at fifteen paces, each man to hold a lantern as a mark for his opponent.

"Where are you, you scoundrel?" cried the captain, when they came out into the yard. "I'm here, you shoeblack," replied the squire. "Stand out bold," said the captain. "It's what I'm doing," said the other. "Give the word and no more talking." "Get behind the pump, yer honor, get behind the pump before you fire," whispered the groom, pulling the captain by the coat. He did so, and when they blazed it was the squire who got it, and it was more than three months before he could get out again.—Leeds Mercury.

Effect of the Moon on Animals.

The health, growth and development of children and animals were years ago supposed to be influenced by the moon. If the sign was right at the time of birth they would be well formed and intellectual, but if it was wrong there was no telling what sort of creatures they would become. Every worthless fellow, every dog, rooting hog, fence jumping cow or kicking horse was believed to have been born under an unfavorable phase of the queen of night. Queer people, or those who were of hateful disposition, were children of the dark moon, with the sign below the heart.—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

A Magnificent Vessel.

In 268 B. C. Archimedes devised a marvelous ship for Hiero of Syracuse. Her three lofty masts had been brought from Britain, whereas our ships' masts are of iron, or obtained from New Zealand or from Vancouver island. Luxuriously fitted sleeping apartments abounded, and one of her banqueting halls was paved with agate and costly Sicilian stone. Other floors were cunningly inlaid with scenes from the Iliad. Stables for many horses, ponds stocked with live fish, gardens watered by artificial rivulets and hot baths were provided for use or amusement.—Chambers' Journal.

The Age of the Sun.

Sir William Thompson, the English lecturer, says: "We have proof that the sun has not existed for more than 20,000,000 years—no matter what might have been its origin—whether it came into existence from the crash of worlds which had pre-existed or from diffused nebulous matter."

Two Names of Dry Goods.

Calico is derived from Calicut, on the Malabar coast, and muslin from Mousoul, a city of Asiatic Turkey, giving evidence that though these goods are now sent to India and the east they were originally imported thence.—Boston Commercial.

CROUPY SOUNDS

At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissue, expectorates and inspires. Cap. **Call For** promotes respiration, induces repose. Cap. U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and pronounce it to be unequaled as a remedy for colds and coughs."—J. G. Gordon, M. D., Carroll Co., Virginia.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; Price $1; six bottles $5.

Mrs. Gregory was making soap at Welford, S. C., when her clothing caught fire. Mrs. Gregory's sister went to her assistance and both women were burned to death. Mrs. Gregory leaves three children and her sister six.

Elvis Porden and his young wife were found dead in Sumner county, Ky., having committed suicide. A note left showed that Porden killed himself first and his wife would not live without him.

At Goshen, Ind., Josie Kane has filed suit against Sylvester W. Shumard for $10,000 damages on the grounds that the defendant unlawfully sold liquor to her husband, thereby causing the breaking up of her home.

The first meeting of the Johnson county (Ia.) Russian relief committee pledged 2,599 bushels of corn and $436.75 cash to the Russian relief fund.

Dr. G. A. Richart, a physician of Mount Sterling, Ky., shot and instantly killed Samuels, Jr., nephew of a prominent citizen. Samuels began beating Richart on the head with a billy, when the latter shot him.

Sherman Weaver, while trying to board a moving train at Hiawatha, Kan., was thrown under the wheels. One leg was cut from his body.

Joseph Levy, on trial in Cincinnati for the murder of his sweetheart, Miss Mary Kipp, last summer, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree.

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HIGH COURT OFFICERS

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G E Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Short st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hiawatha st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2137 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 16th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 3007 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 3074 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Theo S Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 24th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 9441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 93 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 2455 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 2833 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J E Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 559 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas. Dr J E Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonaux, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Sonnenleiter, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Souses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenbann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 726 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; E Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Francchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 761 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schuit, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 222 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] chell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cleero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; B P Merech, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Helles, F S; Frank Fiok, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas. Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1452 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Hierabach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Bonfihll, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesky, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—R J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 445 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAudrews, Rec Sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 6226 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; R. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

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Div. No. 16—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av, V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Hoskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 51st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3813 South Halsted st.

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For the last fifteen years competent judges have admitted that the watches made in America are far superior to those of foreign manufacture. For this reason everybody who wishes to have a watch that can be relied on has tried to purchase an American watch. Owing, however, to efforts of the "watch trust," these watches have been sold at so high a price as to place them beyond the reach of the average watch buyer. THE CITIZEN has determined to place these watches within reach of every one of its subscribers and regular readers by buying them of the factory agents and selling them at an advance which barely covers expenses. Every subscriber and regular reader may purchase any watch made in America at a price slightly in advance of that charged at the factory. Nobody else can buy at any price Below are several watches which we consider especially desirable:

No. 1 is a genuine New York Standard watch, in a solid nickel silver case, open face. The works are jewelled, and the watch is a stem-winder and setter. We will send this watch, which is guaranteed to keep correct time, by registered mail prepaid, for only $5.50.

No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25, and for hunting case $16 50 postage and registry pre-paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $20.10.

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No. 615, is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, with works like No. 611, in an open face nickle silver case. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $5.50. Any of the above watches returnable within three days if not satisfactory.

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No 617 is a solid gold hunting case watch, either Waltham or Elgin, ladies' size, with works just like those in No. 615. The case is a celebrated Brooklyn Granger. This watch is a stem winder and setter, and just as useful as No. 615, though it is somewhat plainer. Usual retail price $35 to $45. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $18 30.

No. 618 is a 15 year gold filled Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size The works are jeweled and have all improvements, such as stem winding and setting apparatus, etc. Hunting case only. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $14.90.

No. 619 is a ladies' size coin silver watch, Waltham or Elgin. This is a stem winder and setter, hunting case, seven jewels and all improvements Guaranteed an accurate and satisfactory timepiece. Sent to any subscriber by insured mail for only $10.75.

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No. 630 is a Waltham or Elgin boy's watch. It is just like No. 615, and is guaranteed to be an accurate and endurable timepiece. Every boy should have one, and by saving spending money for a short time he can obtain one. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $5.50.

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ESTATE OF MARGARET FAGAN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Fagan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March A. D. 1892, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 5, 1892.
PATRICK L. McARDLE,
Administrator of estate of said Margaret Fagan, deceased.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County, of the January term, A. D 1892. The Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, vs Josie Fitzgerald alias Josie Myron, Frank Myron, her alleged husband, and Mary A. Fitzgerald. In Chancery, No. 100,259.

Notice is hereby given to the said Josie Fitzgerald, alias Josie Myron, and Frank Myron, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D., 1892, as it is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

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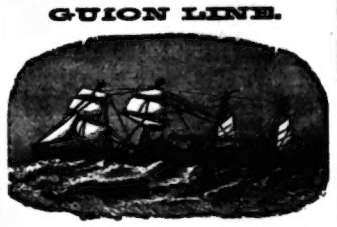

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87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ANN SHEEHAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Ann Sheehan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 13, 1891.
MARY A. McCARTY, Administratrix
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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